

5/20 1847
CRIME FROM AMBITION:

A PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

OF

WILHELM AUGUSTUS IFFLAND,

BY

MARIA GEISWEILER,

TRANSLATOR OF THE NOBLE LIE, &c. &c.

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TO

MRS. NEWTON,

OF BARTON-HOUSE, SOMERSETSHIRE.

AT the shrine of the most disinterested friendship, this humble attempt is dedicated—Flattery you despise, nor could I ever stoop to it; may it be received as it is sincerely meant, a small tribute of gratitude, from,

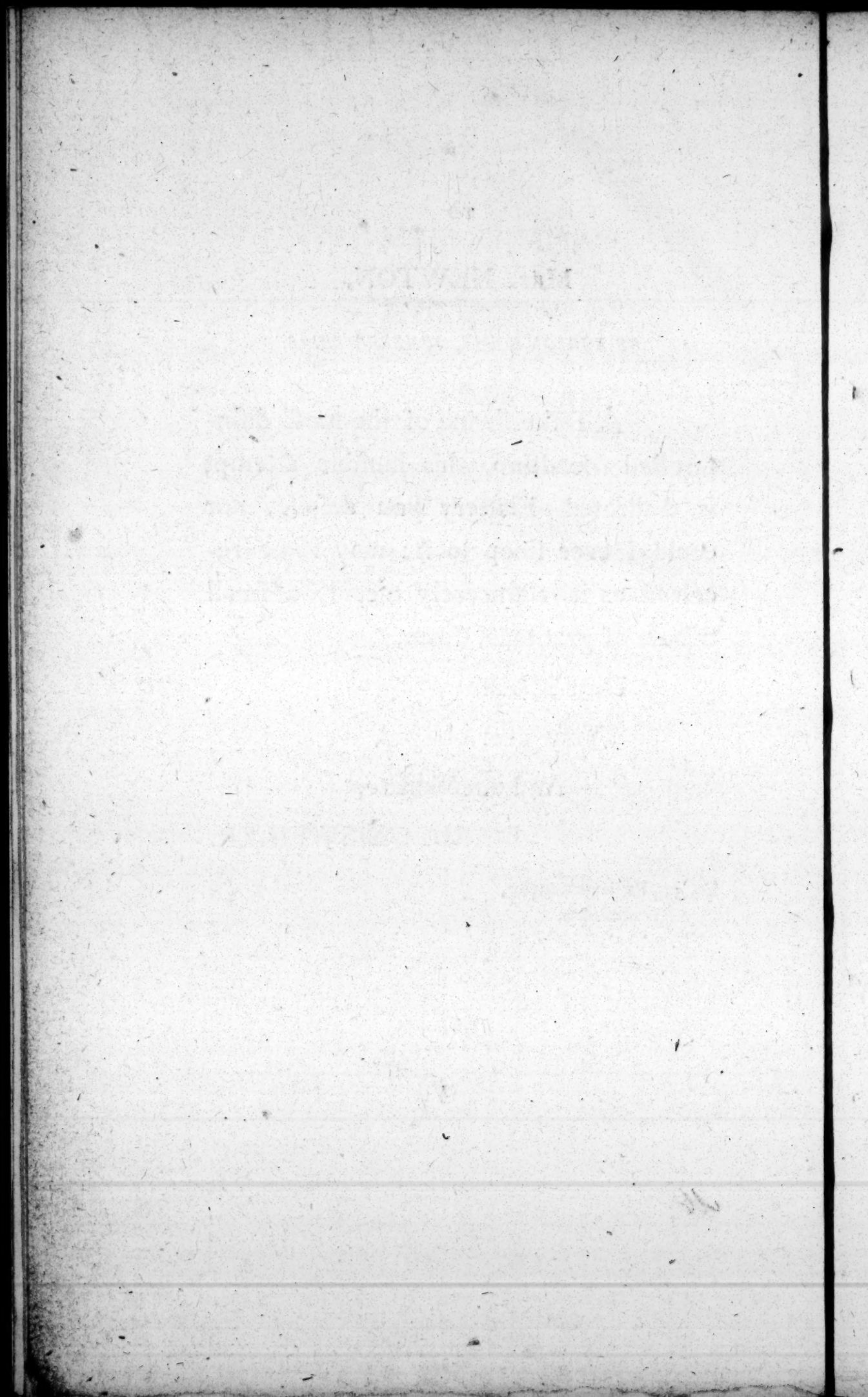
Dear Madam,

Your ever obliged,

And affectionate,

MARIA GEISWEILER.

No. 42, Parliament Street,
Westminster.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Commissary AHLDEN.

Secretary AHLDEN, his Son.

Cashier RUHBERG.

Mrs. RUHBERG, his Wife.

EDWARD RUHBERG, } their Children.
LOUISA RUHBERG, }

Baron RITAU.

Counsellor WALTHER.

Mrs. WALTHER, his Wife.

An Attorney.

Dr. EWERS.

LORENZ, the Steward.

CHRISTIAN, a Footman, } in the House of
HENRIETTA, a Waiting-Maid, } Mr. RUHBERG.

A Jew.

A Shopman.

A Sheriff's Officer.

CRIME FROM AMBITION.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE THE FIRST.

(A small room, with a middle door. A writing-table, on which lie two bundles of paper, and some books. The time, morning).

SECRETARY AHLDEN,

(Who is sitting at the writing-table, rises, and occupies himself with one of the bundles of paper ; during which he discourses with himself.)

A Charming serene morning ushers in this important *(thoughtfully)* important day ! *(leaves his work)* This day decides.---Fortunate may it prove, that I have beaten the path---Lucky may I be ! Old Ruhberg is such a plain man, my downright petition cannot be displeasing to him.---Hem ! it appears as if Nature herself put on her gayest and most pleasing form, in honor of this day.---My work has succeeded better than ever ; my blood flows so light.---I feel cou-

rage enough to overcome every difficulty in my way---only my Father---his violence, his having projected another connexion! Well, be it so! am I not acquainted with his heart? the affair may turn out serious---sorrowful it never will.

SCENE THE SECOND.

*Commissary AHLDEN, and Secretary AHLDEN
his Son.*

C. Ablden. Good morning to you, my Son!

S. Ablden. Thank you heartily, my dear, good Father.

C. Ablden. I think you was talking to yourself? Hey!---Yes, you were speaking with yourself. That you must not do.

S. Ablden. It might be so---I don't know---

C. Ablden. Yes, people never know it; that is the way.---It is a bad, bad custom. You know, I never could bear it in our late Cousin.---Apropos---before I mix one thing with another---here I bring you back your defence.---With the blessing of God you have succeeded bravely---bravely indeed! There is life in it, no trick, no jargon---heart and soul!---this may be called serving one's client: for this, God will bless you, my Charles!

S. Ablden. If you knew how I am inspired by your praises ! Activity, perseverance---

C. Ablden. Hem ! Hem !---it will give me pleasure ! But hear me---leave out of your work those new-fashioned words, only show here, (*searching*) hr---brr---hm---hn---Yes ! there ---destination---force of circumstances---passions ---Hey ! what have the passions to do in a defence ?

S. Ablden. But the passions have so much to do with mankind---

C. Ablden. All very good---very good---but you know, those great men will not let that pass.

S. Ablden. Should not every one do all in their power that the person should be judged according to the circumstances, not according to the dead letter ?

C. Ablden. Now I cannot reconcile it quite, my Son, that you have chosen a style of your own---you might undoubtedly write anno 87, otherwise than we anno 40, but as so many anno 40 are there---contrive it so that they may also understand it.---This done with---the real reason of my coming to you---

S. Ablden. Is---

C. Ablden. Mr. Wohlzahn is going next week to his estate. I have spoken to him beforehand.

All will go well---you may make your appearance, and then introduce your affair with regard to his Daughter.

S. Ablden. But Father---why---

C. Ablden. Why ?---because she is to be your wife. I must see you provided for, before I close my eyes. And---Charles, Charles, I have no confidence. I do not trust my illness. If I have once more such an attack, it is all over with me.

S. Ablden. God forbid ; how can you imagine such a trif---

C. Ablden. Trifling ? No, No, I am worn out ! No wonder ; the fatigues in war time,---the vexation and---well, as it pleases the Almighty !---But if I am to partake of the Malaga that I have in my cellar, at your wedding---make good haste ; or else it will serve you for my burying.

S. Ablden. To your kindness I cannot oppose hypocrisy. I had already this day made to you a discovery, had you not been before-hand with your proposal.---I---do not be angry, best of men---

C. Ablden. Well---

S. Ablden. I cannot marry Miss Wohlzahn.

C. Ablden. That I cannot conceive ; the girl is pretty, good, young, rich. You will marry into a worthy family, procure friends, connexions ;

can make a figure---the prospect is a good one. What can be wanting?---Why will you not? Hey!---Or do you love another?

S. Ablden. (With modest firmness) Yes, my Father.

C. Ablden. Hem! Hem! (with suppressed displeasure) Hem! Hem! I am not pleased at it. *(After walking about, not able longer to contain it)* That is stupid---very stupid!

S. Ablden. Through her alone I can ever be happy.

C. Ablden. Be happy? that is just *(violent)* seeing, loving, and---being happy. With you it is all one!---*(half softened)* Who is she?

S. Ablden. Miss Ruhberg.

C. Ablden. (with violence) The Cashier's Daughter?

S. Ablden. (with entreaty) The same.

C. Ablden. (coldly, after some thought) She will not do for you!

S. Ablden. But why---

C. Ablden. (very firm) She will not do for you!

S. Ablden. Why will you throw away so excellent a connexion, without letting me know your reasons? then---

C. Ablden. My reasons? first then, they are these: It cannot be---It shall not be---I will not have it. About my other reasons ask me farther questions, Son, in another half year. I am not

fond of talking sense to the winds. (*Walks violently up and down, taking a great deal of snuff, without perceiving it*).

S. Ablden. I willingly obey every command of my Father---

C. Ablden. To be sure.

S. Ablden. But if it is at the expence of my happiness---

C. Ablden. (*stops with quickness*) At the expence of your happiness? Are you not ashamed to talk so to your Father? Leave off romancing, when you have any thing to say to old people.—Hear me, Son, when we are both talking of the girl who is to be your wife, you may then say—such, or such a face pleases me most. But when the face has first pleased you, I must know better than you, which can make you most happy.—Miss Ruhberg shall not be my daughter in law! (*is going*).

S. Ablden. Dearest Father, I swear to you, that no one has a higher idea of the duties of a daughter.—Why force me in search of what I have already found; one, who will, by her tender care, comfort your old age.

C. Ablden. 'Tis corruption all. Keep to your point; leave me only out of this affair. Of *you* is the talk. The girl is good. But the prospect is not favorable.

S. Ablden. But why not?

C. Ablden. If you are to remain as you are—you are not well off—you must aspire higher. You want connexions, must marry a fortune, or else you will have to work your way like a poor finner, and make no figure in life. I have been ruined by rogues, have no fortune, cannot leave you any thing, but a house without debts, and a good name; that you know. The Ruhbergs are fallen in the world. The Girl—high bred. The Mother—a fool. The Brother—every thing and nothing! a rogue in grain; a braggart; a spark, who roves about with a parcel of adventurers; a gamester!

S. Ablden. Yet a good clever man, who, when he reforms, through his talents—

C. Ablden. The boy has made his mother believe, the lady, who came here from Danzig a couple of years ago, Lady—

S. Ablden. Kanenstein?

C. Ablden. Right—that she would marry him. As his mother is of a noble family, and possesses the pride of the devil, she believes it; deprives her honest good husband of credit, house, and goods, to bring about such another improper marriage. They are already the town talk. And what will be the end of it? Beggary! To whom

then will they apply ? To you ! Such are your prospects.

S. Ablden. Against that I can secure myself. And should it even be the case, my measures—

C. Ablden. (speaking confidentially) Do hear reason ; nothing can come of that marriage. Go to Mr. Wohlzahn, and apply to him about his Daughter.

S. Ablden. I forbear to speak of the force of my attachment, but do not imagine me so cold as to mention again to me Miss Wohlzahn. I cannot. You require too much. Agreeable to your will, I have, though against my inclination, made choice of my profession. Would you make me amends for the dry uniformity of my business, so uninteresting in the pursuit—grant me Louisa. To sacrifice to convenience, at the expence of every finer feeling, is, in this circumstance, above my powers.

C. Ablden. Quite right ; you are in a good road ! When Reason attempts to assert her rights, chase her away with declamation.

S. Ablden. Pardon my violence—The loss of this girl may make of me every thing I am *not* (*seizes his Father's hand*). I dare not without your parental consent—

C. Ablden. Why expostulate with me for my consent, when you are determined to act after your own head?—(*with feeling*) Well then, the old Father must e'en make up his mind about it. If you should be unhappy—then it will be time enough to cry one's eyes out. (*Is going off*).

S. Ablden. (*very quick*) And I have given her my word!

C. Ablden. (*stops*) What?

S. Ablden. For me, she has given up flattering prospects, refused many. I gave her my word, as an honest man.

C. Ablden. (*coming rather nearer*) Is that true?

S. Ablden. O God! with the most sacred oaths that—

C. Ablden. Have you, after cool deliberation, promised to be her husband?

S. Ablden. Most certainly.

C. Ablden. Hem! Hem! that is another affair. (*Comes near*) You must then marry her.

S. Ablden. O let the effusion—

C. Ablden. Tho' I tremble in every limb,—
that it must be so.

S. Ablden. How shall I thank you? 'tis not in the power of words to express my grateful feelings. If you cannot read my heart, you—

C. Ahlden. Yes, yes, God grant success and blessings!—Success and blessings!—But I would have—Well, well—it will be in time.

S. Ahlden. O how often, my Father—how often will you yet bless the moment in which you granted your consent.

C. Ahlden. I believe it—I believe it. But do not take it amiss of me—I cannot thoroughly rejoice at it. I had such different prospects. They are now—It is my own fault—I should not have set my mind so firmly upon it.—Yes, it is soon time—do not neglect the Chancery. Apropos—I have to look over old Mr. Ruhberg's accounts. I will then mention the affair to him. I shall follow you rather late---I will throw myself on the bed for a short time,---for this new marriage has shook me every limb. (*Retires.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

Secretary AHLDEN, alone.

Really, this business is sooner settled than I had imagined! Ah!---am I not ungrateful, do I not know my Father!---Success and Love, be ye but propitious to my wishes with Mr. Ruhberg, and this day will prove one of the happiest in my life. (*Goes off.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.

(A common room in Mr. RUHBERG's house—a middle and two side doors. In the back ground the remains of breakfast).

Old RUHBERG, afterwards CHRISTIAN.

O. Rubberg *(rings several times, at last CHRISTIAN appears)*. Christian, you neglect your business.

Christian. I beg pardon, my Lady had sent me out.

O. Rubberg. Is my Son at home?

Christian. Not yet.

O. Rubberg. Not yet?—tell the clerk, if the papers are in order, to send them me.

Christian. Very well.

O. Rubberg. Call my Daughter down to me.

Christian. Directly.

O. Rubberg. Let the cook, and the other servants, know they are to remain at home.

Christian. As you please. *(goes off.)*

SCENE THE FIFTH.

Old RUHBERG, afterwards CHRISTIAN.

O. Rubberg. Not yet at home?—Every thing in this house bears the appearance of suppressed sorrow, every thing seems so deranged! Hem!

true—It perhaps only seems so—to me—because *I* am so. Alas! it is a melancholy view, to see a respectable family sunk so very low. 'Tis my fault; why did I suffer it to come to this?—I was a weak man, a too indulgent Father! All is lost, but contempt I can yet avoid—well then, to-day I will begin to act.—Nothing shall prevent my remaining unalterably firm. Not the weakness of a deserving woman—(*tenderly*) not even my own weakness for this deserving woman. (*CHRISTIAN brings the papers*) Away then—So—there lies my justification! And certainly, as well also, my accusation.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

O. RUBBERG, CHRISTIAN, *afterwards*
S. AHLDEN.

Christian. Secretary Ahlden—do you chuse?—

O. Rubberg. Without delay. (*CHRIS. retires.*)

S. Ahlden. This is taking you by surprize, is it not?—Pardon me this early visit.

O. Rubberg. Pray be seated.—Can I be of any service to you?

S. Ahlden. I am embarrassed—much embarrassed—to mention my request to you.

O. Rubberg. Why so, my dear friend?

S. Ahlden. This kind tone says, you will not refuse me.

O. Rubberg. You appear uneasy?—you are more and more so! You make me apprehend—

S. Ahlden. Yes, I am so.—I know not how to introduce my petition. I come, with a heart full—and cannot find words. Your kindness gives me confidence—but my fears tell me, to hold that moment alone happy, which from you conceals, how unhappy you *can* make me.—I will in *one* word speak all my wishes :—Louisa!

O. Rubberg. My Daughter.—

S. Ahlden. Will you be my Father—shall I be your Son?

O. Rubberg. (*seizes unknowingly his hand*).

S. Ahlden. (*with enthusiasm*) Yes? Yes?

O. Rubberg. Young Man—you have surprized me—this requires consideration—I am not against it—

S. Ahlden. O how happy! how—

O. Rubberg. Well then—not that I believe it will alter your intentions, but it is my duty to inform you of it.—I must only request your secrecy—my family is not more what it was. My Daughter is without fortune. (*S. AHLDEN embraces him, and goes off.*)

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

O. RUHBERG, LOUISA, *who looks after* AHLDEN.

O. Rubberg. Aye, Aye!—must I send for you?
Why have we not met at breakfast?

Louisa. Some household affairs, which I much wished to see done—

O. Rubberg. Young Ahlden has been with me, as you saw—the object of his visit, was yourself.

Louisa. Me?

O. Rubberg. He has been making proposals for you.—What do you say to it?

Louisa. What do you think of him?

O. Rubberg. Much good.

Louisa. Yes?—really?

O. Rubberg. Unquestionably. He is a lively, active man. A man of fine feelings—of the best character.

Louisa. If you think all this of him, dearest Father—why should I conceal from you—that I tenderly love him.

O. Rubberg. I approve of this affection.

Louisa. Dearest, kindest Father, you have always made your children happy.

O. Rubberg. O God! *would have* made them so, my Child. *Would have.* Well—I approve

of this affection—and am almost inclined to confirm this engagement. I have only some little doubts—

Louisa. After all you have just said in his praise—still doubts?—

O. Rubberg. Doubts, not ill will.

Louisa. You rouse exceedingly my attention, to—

O. Rubberg. I wish so to do. Tell me, my Daughter,—do you know each other well?

Louisa. If, in the whole course of our connexion, I had perceived the least circumstance, from which I might have surmised future uneasiness—

O. Rubberg. I ask not, whether you like each other, but whether you know each other well. The question is not with me, about those marriages commonly styled good—where youth is past in pleasure, and at a future period is barely supportable. Do you think—that to the last, you are sufficient for each other's happiness?

Louisa. Can any thing render you more easy on this head—than the education you have given me. You early taught me to despise coquetry—

O. Rubberg. On that is some dependance.

Louisa. You cultivated in me an active spirit—and guarded me against too much sensibility. I esteem my Charles, as much as I love him.

O. Rubberg. That is well.

Louisa. The man must overlook some weaknesses in the woman—the woman treat the man's caprices with kindness.—

O. Rubberg. Be *that* never forgot. All men admire a girl's humours; the humours of a wife do not appear to every one so enchanting. Business and trouble in a husband, often prevent care and attention to such humours. I am acquainted with those suspicions of unkindness, the silent grief of an unhappy marriage, which with many of you, are often the consequences of dire necessity. You are lively, this young man has passed his boyish years. I fear for you.

Louisa. Your lessons, my Father, shall be a warning to me.

O. Rubberg. The quarrels of love, in the time of courtship, is a grace; the ill humours of a wife—mark it well, my dear Daughter—is for a husband, the skeleton alone of this grace.

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

Mrs. RUBBERG. The former.

Ah—your Mother!—we will talk more of this another time. Leave us alone, my Child.

(Louisa retires.)

Mrs. Rubberg. You are well, I hope—

O. Rubberg. Quite so.

Mrs. Rubberg. You seem for these few days past so uneasy—so melancholy—

O. Rubberg (after a pause, and walking backwards and forwards). I cannot sufficiently describe to you, how agreeable, how joyous, this day is to me—

Mrs. Rubberg. This day—why so?—

O. Rubberg. It is this day five and twenty years since we were married.

Mrs. Rubberg. Ah! it is true—

O. Rubberg. I have had such pleasant hours this morning, that I could not let this charming day pass over—without thanking you for all the felicity you have in these twenty-five years occasioned me.

Mrs. Rubberg. You affect me—and make me ashamed.

O. Rubberg. No more of that—we have each had faults to repent of. I now request your whole attention to what I have to impart. You brought me, by our marriage, a considerable fortune.

Mrs. Rubberg. Ah!

O. Rubberg. As I perceived, that you had not yet lost the inclination for high living, I employed this fortune exclusively for your own wants and plans.—You have hitherto lived according to your birth.—As long as I could manage it properly, I did it honestly—but it was in vain. I have kept

the strictest account of your property!—Dear Wife, this property! it is quite gone!

Mrs. Rubberg. Gone?—

O. Rubberg. Here (*he gives her the accounts*) is the justification of my stewardship. They will this afternoon present you with the receipts.

Mrs. Rubberg (pauses). You wound me feelingly!—Give account to me? You to me? (*nobly*) If I am unfortunate, do I also deserve insult?

O. Rubberg. You misconceive me. I would only prove to you, that I fought your heart, not your fortune, not the splendour of your rank; that for my use, no part of it has been employed, not even for the proper education of my children.—There now, my Love, remains nothing but my salary. You see, it is impossible to keep a large establishment any longer. The necessary retrenchments you must yourself perceive.—Let it not afflict you, when I say, that on my side they are already made.

Mrs. Rubberg. Already made! Already!—Certainly—it must be!—But it is hard.

O. Rubberg. There are but few who retreat from errors with a good grace! and from the manner of your retreat, depends my happiness, my life.—What concerns Louisa—a proper match

has offered for her. Young Ahlden.—What do you say to it?

Mrs. Rubberg. Hem!—

O. Rubberg. How?

Mrs. Rubberg. It is a mean—low match.

O. Rubberg. You are then not for it?

Mrs. Rubberg. Rank, education, and our connexions, authorize Louisa to expect a splendid situation in life.

O. Rubberg (*appears dissatisfied*).

Mrs. Rubberg. Without saying, that to be so thrown away, would above all things injure her brother's prospects.

O. Rubberg. Her brother must renounce all his idle dreams, commence a quiet, still life, and strictly conform to our present circumstances. Either he demands this day an explanation from the lady, or he discontinues to visit that house, and trifle away his happiness with the chimera of this projected marriage.

Mrs. Rubberg. How? on the brink of making the most splendid fortune,—shall he renounce it? Will you subject me to open contempt.—“The idiot! she could not bring her plans to perfection, she must come down to us at last.”—Such will be the cry. Even the sums which have been spent,

require that we carry this plan through—I agree to all—consent to every retrenchment. I deny myself every thing—every thing!—Only let me act till to morrow.—If things are not then managed to your content, I will with pleasure submit to your arrangements.

O. Rubberg. Be it so. But not longer, for—

Mrs. Rubberg. O if this were not won, all were lost !

O. Rubberg. We shall lose this.

Mrs. Rubberg. My God !—

O. Rubberg. And I shall be glad if it is lost.

Mrs. Rubberg. Glad ! If your Son loses a fortune—that—

O. Rubberg. With a Father's joy will I thank God, that a good, clever lad will return from the company of idle gamblers, to the life of an useful citizen, for which he was intended.

Mrs. Rubberg. You are blind to the merits of these people—you—

O. Rubberg. Merits !—They are gamblers by profession.

Mrs. Rubberg. But the Lady—

O. Rubberg. Came here from Dantzic with riches ; and when she—let us break off—

Mrs. Rubberg. But—

O. Rubberg. I beg—I feel that I shall not keep my temper.

Mrs. Rubberg. You will not convince yourself, that even these people may make the fortune of your favorite, that the Lady—

O. Rubberg. Is pleased with the adoration of a handsome promising young man, condescends that he shall entertain her company, and, after he has for this favor ruined his family, will find him dry, tiresome,—and a Plebeian—and pack him off.

Mrs. Rubberg. How hardly you judge of these people, who with the great world—

O. Rubberg. Less of the world, and more honesty, were better !

Mrs. Rubberg. You grow bitter.

O. Rubberg. Madam—these great people,—these people of the great world, I have known. I coolly looked on—while you were wandering in the vortex of this great world. I saw—and trembled for my Son.

Mrs. Rubberg. His heart is a pledge to me for all.

O. Rubberg. His heart—finishes his misfortunes ! Too impetuous to profit by the moment, too good to suspect villainy, grieved, deceived, and despised—conscious of himself—his misery will either make him prudent, or a villain !

Mrs. Rubberg. But at present he is in the company of persons—

O. Rubberg. Who have the face of friendship for every one, an honest heart for no one. They will teach him to exchange the last resisting fibres of a good heart for knavish intrigue. In the horrors of a cabal, black calumny, false devotion, play and luxury, will learn him to despise simple domestic comforts,—the tie of relationship, the sacred bond between Father and Son, between Mother and Daughter,—as the remains of German pedantry.—Forgive me—I did not intend to be violent—but these wretches raise my spleen.

Mrs. Rubberg (cries.)

O. Rubberg. Tell Edward, that he this day insists on a proper explanation with the lady. Is it so?—I will endeavour to draw happiness from it. Is it not so?—I am the happiest of Fathers.

Mrs. Rubberg. Depend on it—every thing will go well.

O. Rubberg. Well then—but let us not forget our good Louisa.

Mrs. Rubberg. Most certainly not—the dear, good girl—you must be convinced how much I have her welfare at heart.

O. Rubberg. You are a good Mother—but I have been a weak man. Fewer reproaches lay to your charge.—And so may weighty alterations

mark this day ; let it not be sorrowful on that account. To accomplish such, on proper conviction, must produce cheerfulness. Also, let us exchange this solemn tone for a more quiet discourse. We will not be alone. I shall this day so gladly celebrate a joyful evening. Independent of that, old Ahlden is to receive the cash from me.—Louisa is seriously in love : what do you think of it ? Why should we protract her happiness ?

Mrs. Rubberg. But why hurry over two such important family matters ?

O. Rubberg. Why delay any circumstance, that is found to be right after every examination ?

Mrs. Rubberg. But have you also considered, that this marriage will connect you with an old severe, haughty man, with a man with whom no one can ever agree ?

O. Rubberg. If our daughter is but happy, let us leave to the old man his humours—we will keep out of his way—or meet him—as well as we can.—Well ?

Mrs. Rubberg. He is a worthy young man. Louisa loves him—as you say—well then !—God bless their inclinations.

O. Rubberg. I am overjoyed at your compliance. I hope we are very near that happiness you have so long been searching for in vain. Speak seriously with Edward. Distrust your inclination for grandeur ; conduct yourself as a mother.—

Rely on my prophecy—it will be in Louisa's retired, quiet house, that you will learn the joys of a simple life—and which the great world can never bestow. (*Goes off.*)

SCENE THE NINTH.

Mrs. RUHBERG, alone.

Give up every thing!—Unfortunate—to be so humbled, and an inward voice to repeat to us loudly, “We have deserved it!”—That is hard, —very hard! Unfortunate Mother! this Louisa ~~that~~—can I conceal it from myself?—I have neglected, makes me blush with confusion! Her constant, equal mind will receive universal esteem, when I am laughed at for a fool.—The patient suffering of my Husband—the grief, perhaps reproaches of my Son—terrible futurity!—O God! let me be severely punished for my folly—retain me the hearts of my children; then will I suffer and die, but not repine, not murmur. (*Goes off.*)

whom

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE THE FIRST.

CHRISTIAN, *alone.*

CLEAR away! (*he goes towards the bed-room door*) To put to rights, where nothing is! (*he takes out the drawer of the writing-table*) All gone! every thing pawned and sold! If my old master knew this!—At home misery on misery—to play the great man at the young lady's.

SCENE THE SECOND.

CHRISTIAN, SALOMON.

Salomon. Good morning, Mr. Christian.

Christian. Would to God you was gone—

Salomon (*after looking about and searching, pauses*). It's a very cold day morning.

Christian. Yes.

Salomon. Young Gentleman not at home?

Christian. And if he were? For you it would be just as good as if he were not.

Salomon. Wonder a Gott, what a work he makes—the young shentleman is a friend to me, a right friend. I've just new cloathed him—white in gold—all proper. I hold much of him; does

the young fhentleman not ga proper? Ah! ware a fhame, had to do with Saaloomoone and is not proper! Apropos—is mafter Dalles ftill ftoward by you.

Chriftian. Get along with you. You wont be paid to day. There’s nothing here.

Salomon. Wat is dat? A got a Lettre de Change, pleafes you to day. Can he not pay? muft find bail.

Chriftian. Roar not fo, fellow, or you fly down ftairs.

Salomon. Wonder a Gott, mafter Chriftian!

Chriftian. Yes, fellow, as I ftand here, I’ll break both your arms and legs, you thief!

Salomon. Ah, blefs me! pay my protection moneys! don’t make troubles to you.

Chriftian. Who fent for you, rafcal, when you forced the cloaths on the poor gentleman? Hey? Do I not know, that you told the Blumenbergs, how much you had cheated him.

Salomon. How much did your waitcoat coft ye?

Chriftian. You deteftable wretch.

Salomon. Gramercy! is loined with fhag. Na hear—dis praife I’ll give him—he knows how to drefs him—his mafter too.—Tis a fhentleman like a lord—my—how ftands it with the bride.

Christian. Very well.

Salomon. Has yet to procure the last affirmation! am von of his friends—I tell him in secret. Is he nat soon baroon? He will be fastened in prison for de debts.

Christian (*makes an attempt to kick him out*).
Do you belong also to his friends?

Salomon (*tears open his waistcoat*). My blood I loose vor him—stick here in my heart—but she'll screech horribly—she will complain.

Christian. Get out of the way, before the old gentleman comes. When my master gets money, I will send for you.

Salomon. Yes? I fancy I may come, before you send for me. (*Goes off.*)

Christian. So it continues the whole morning, where will this end!

SCENE THE THIRD.

CHRISTIAN, a SHOPMAN.

Shopman. Good morning! Is not his master at home?

Christian. No Sir.

Shopman. Here is the account from Mr. Reichman. We shall not deliver the rich filk, till the bill is paid. Tell his master so at once. (*Goes.*)

Christian. Well there lays No. 33—'Twill never do. The old gentleman may also have perceived something.

SCENE THE FOURTH.

HENRIETTA, CHRISTIAN.

Henrietta. My lady desires to know, whether the young gentleman is not yet come home?

Christian. You look sorrowful—what is the matter with you?

Henrietta. Ah!—my lady has discharged me.

Christian. How—

Henrietta. Yes, me and the waiting maid. I know not what is going forward; but my master has also sold the horses, turned away the coachman, both the footmen, and the cook.

Christian. What do you tell me?

Henrietta. Ah! another master and mistress I shall get no doubt, but not such as these. My lady cries. My master's eyes are red. Do tell me what is the matter. (*Somebody within rings twice.*) I will come again. I dare say you know. (*Goes off.*)

Christian. I do not trust this business. When it all breaks loose—he is violent—it will be too much for him—he is capable of shooting himself through the head. Yes, yes, I will demand my discharge. Let it go then as God pleases—I

shall at least not witness this misery.—Well, who comes there? 'Twill again be some one who does not bring any thing!—he makes a damnable noise.—I believe—really, it is himself.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

CHRISTIAN, YOUNG RUHBERG.

(Richly dressed, and with taste, but with every appearance of having sat up all night. Enters out of humour, and throws himself into a chair.)

Only for one solitary moment—that I may fetch breath—that I may reflect, how I shall escape the coming storm—what shall I do?—what am I?—where will this end? *(starting up.)* Pshaw! Reflection will not extricate me. My honour is pledged. Christian!

Christian. What are your commands?

Y. Rubberg (without having attended to him). All gone—all! O my Mother—my good Mother—and when I think on thee, my Father! during the time thou art looking towards a sorrowful old age, and lamenting through many a sleepless night, thy Son is rioting amongst gamesters, is laugh'd at!—laugh'd at! laugh'd at! No, by hell, that he shall not be!—Courage and fortitude!—As yet my prospects have not vanished. Christian!

Christian. What are your commands?

Y. Rubberg. To Aaron Moses, he shall come, and have me called out at the young lady's. He shall bring money with him. In the mean time the two watches to Salomon—twenty Louis d'ors—directly—run this moment! What do you stay for?

Christian (with serious thoughtfulness). O, Sir!—

Y. Rubberg (wild). Make haste, fellow, I must be gone directly. Yet—listen—come here!

Christian. Sir!

Y. Rubberg. Has my Father ask'd after me?

Christian. Yes, Sir.

Y. Rubberg. About what time?

Christian. Half past four, and again at seven o'clock.—But your Mother, every quarter of an hour since seven.

Y. Rubberg (walks thoughtfully up and down).

Christian (after a pause). Have you any other commands?

Y. Rubberg (almost overcome). No; only go.

(Christian retires.)

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Y. RUBBERG alone.

Great ill luck—great ill luck! and if the next hour is not lucky? The impossibility of appearing to-morrow, where I at present—only appear—that raving VA BANQUE—my honour

pledged, and no prospect of retrieving it—none in the least!—Courage! courage! my ill luck, is ill luck only when I lose courage. Fye! I do not deserve good fortune, because ill fortune depresses me into an unmanly complainer, an anxious sceptic. To them—to whom the close circle is too confined; in which those narrow-minded convenient beings drag out their life—who require a wide open field to grow and spread—a blockhead,—is he, whose plans do not compass difficulties, a timid boy, who stands before, and gazes at them. Too much precaution is womanish fear—and so farther on—towards the splendid aim, by which I can make all happy—Father and Mother—Father, and Mother, and Sister.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

Y. RUBBERG, LOUISA, *afterwards* CHRISTIAN.

Louisa. Good morning to you, Edward.

Y. Rubberg. Good morning to you, my love.

Louisa. You did not come home again last night?

Y. Rubberg (lightly). Very contrary to my intentions, I assure you.

Louisa. (kindly). You are a sad rogue.

Y. Rubberg. Agreeable company, an interesting discourse, added to my favorite passion for

sitting up at night—one is induced often to do that which we cannot answer to ourselves the next day.

Louisa. But, you must forgive my anxiety—you have not, I hope, had any vexation?

Y. Rubberg. None, none in the world.

Louisa. Really?

Y. Rubberg. Really!—How came you to think on that question?

Louisa. Dear Edward—how a Sister, who dearly loves her Brother, came to think on that question, when she perceives every feature distorted—all.

Y. Rubberg. Natural consequences of sitting up all night—nothing else! really, you may believe me.

Louisa. I see—I am troublesome to you. There was a time, when it was not so. I can only let drop a silent tear on your fate, and it grieves me, I can do no more; but spare a Father's care, a Mother's anxiety.

Y. Rubberg (rather startled). *Louisa!*

Louisa. Think how often they start up in the night with terror, to lament over your fate, and over yourself, while you are wandering about in the great world, without a friend, without advice! Your heart—our pride—the great world has robbed us of; if it does not totally deceive you with false hopes.

Y. Rubberg. Impossible, I know—

Louisa. Can the difference of rank ever warrant a connexion with Lady Kanenstein?

Y. Rubberg. She loves me. Of that I am convinced.

Louisa. Convinced?

Y. Rubberg. Convinced—through—thousand trifles—that—say more than even the plainest words.

Louisa. They report openly—that she is going to be married to Mr. Van Dammdorf. Yet—you must have been the first to have perceived it, if it was so.

Y. Rubberg. Sister, you vex me, if you can doubt the liberality of her sentiments. Besides I have received proofs of her tenderness. She is the noblest being—and only an abandoned woman will trifle with the affections of a man. Wrong not therefore a heart, which I have reason to esteem.

Louisa. The splendid tumult, in which these people are educated.—How can her love and denials exist together—and without great denials—can Lady Kanenstein ever possess you?

Y. Rubberg. That will all shortly be decided.

Louisa. Shortly? Shortly say you? soon!—now! then—our powers can no longer support your expences.

Y. Rubberg. True—true!

Louisa. Had you yesterday seen your Mother, with tones of the deepest distress, go towards your room, and return from the lock'd door, with a foreboding heart—had you heard her asking till midnight; “Is Edward not yet returned?”—it wou'd be different with us—or your heart is shut to all goodness.

Y. Rubberg. You are a dear, good girl. An excellent Sister. Do you think I strive for happiness solely for myself? O not for me, for them, for you—to procure again for you a splendid lot.

Louisa. Dearest Brother—I have made my choice, and shall take care that my heart never dishonours your rank.—But when we quiet Plebeians call on you—your splendor will disdain our sincere attachment. How often will your affectionate Sister be turned from your door, because her unadorned appearance would be the ridicule of your glittering assemblies. Yet—my own loss I would endure—if *you* were but happy. But that you will not be. I know you. You are possessed of every quality, to render you a useful member of society. In the enjoyment of a splendid luxury, a burthen to yourself, even the author of your good fortune will suffer for your disgust.

Y. Rubberg. You are thinking of the worst, without any necessity for it.

Louisa. You are unhappy if you attain your ends; should you not attain them—you then fall from grandeur and gaiety, into want, and melancholy, flung out of the great world, self-banished from your Father's house, where every retrenchment is a reproach, where all is sorrowful and dark. Circumvented in your plans, cheated by individuals, destructive passions, encompassed with ambition and violence—Edward, you can become a dangerous being!

Y. Rubberg. If ambition should drive me to things which may cause you sorrow, it will also preserve me from every thing that may disgrace you.

Louisa. It is not, what *has been* that occasions me these cares, but that this ambition daily grows—

Y. Rubberg. You wrong me.

Louisa. That it extends to the most insignificant trifles; that you see every thing only in that one point of view;—I know too well, that with the ambitious man, one point of honour, with the loss of another—that honour for which he at the moment risks every thing, he will even retrieve with infamy.—'Tis *that* afflicts me when I think on the future.

Y. Rubberg. Him of whom you speak is a mean base—

Louisa. Forgive me—our conversation took accidentally that turn. I came to—am I not a fool—even while you are looking at me, I fear to offend you.—I came—to beg of you—not to (*she gives him the two watches*) part with these.

Y. Rubberg. Christian, Christian! (*Christian enters, after he has given the two watches, he pushes him out.*) To Aaron-Moses, scoundrel!

Louisa. Be not so harsh, so rough!—here, if you want money—'tis certainly not much—but I give it you willingly.

Y. Rubberg. Louisa! (*flings himself into a chair.*)

Louisa. Grant me at least, the pleasure of having relieved your necessities. I have not been able for a long time, to afford you any pleasure.

Y. Rubberg. No, No! I will not, I am not worth, I am not worth—I am an unfortunate wretch!

Louisa. You doubtless want more—certainly this is little—but I have no more. (*Cries.*) Ah! if I had it—

Y. Rubberg. Give it here, Louisa, give it here! I have taken all from you—I will even take *this*. If I am fortunate in the world—have but a wish, a desire that I have not gratified ere they arise, a thought which out-run mine. Am I unfortunate? Am I so? and that must now

be decided—I take this also—it is your last—take it, to have plundered you quite; take it, that the remembrance of your sincere affection, may be to me the tortures of hell, as long as I breathe.

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

The former, Mrs. RUHBERG, BARON RITAU.

Y. Rubberg. My Mother—Heavens!

Louisa (crying). Do not forget, what I have said to you. (*Retires.*)

Baron. How! you fly, my pretty girl?

Y. Rubberg (confused). Let us not mind her, she has got the spleen.

Baron. Well, my dear lady, to what unlucky star may we attribute your absence from the company? Never were the favours of fortune more capricious and interesting; we were also thereby so jovial.

Mrs. Rubberg (with forced civility). Really? I regret I was not of the party.

Baron. I assure you *we* regretted it, *we!* in the mean time, step by step, I followed the part in the game you would have taken, and every body was astonished—struck—enchanted! how I entered into the very spirit of your ideas.

Mrs. Rubberg. This universal cheerfulness (*very coldly*) could not enliven you, it seems—

Y. Rubberg (*jokingly and with embarrassment.*)
O yes—but the sitting up all night.

Baron. Yes, and the frowns of dame fortune—

Mrs. Rubberg (*aside*). O, my God!

Baron. From whom my friend could not win one smile.

Mrs. Rubberg (*rather impatiently*). Yes, it is always so—the more one courts her, the more she flies.

Baron (*who appears tired, after looking at his watch*). Apropos, madam—it is yet early—we have time, before the toilet, to have a very interesting party at *vingt & un*.

Mrs. Rubberg. You must excuse me, I have a very pressing letter to write, to my Brother, at Berlin.—Before you go, Edward, I have something to say to you.—(*Will retire.*) Au revoir, Baron.

Baron. Madam, Madam, (*he conducts her back with much politeness,*) I would on no account be troublesome. (*Softly to Edward.*) You will not forget—every thing waits—your honour!

Y. Rubberg. I will come directly.

Baron (*to Mrs. Rubberg*). I hope we shall meet this evening, at the Lady Kanenstein's.

Mrs. Rubberg. I believe hardly— my Husband will—

Baron (interrupting her with quickness). Ah— hindrances from that quarter? (*with an ironical bow.*) Certainly, those may be invincible, and not to be overcome; if it continues so— we shall be obliged to cover the card tables with crape! In the mean time, I hope—(*Goes off.*)

SCENE THE NINTH.

Mrs. RUHBERG, YOUNG RUHBERG.

Mrs. Rubberg (pause, at a distance from each other, at length their eyes meet, kindly, and with firmness.) You have lost.

Y. Rubberg.—Yes.

Mrs. Rubberg.—Much?

Y. Rubberg (seriously). A good deal.

Mrs. Rubberg (she walks some paces, Edward stands immoveable, with his looks rivetted on the ground, she walks quicker, cries, dries her eyes, after trying to appear collected). Do you know, that my fortune is all spent?

Y. Rubberg.—I know it.

Mrs. Rubberg (grief in her expression, the words almost unintelligible). I have nothing more—I am quite poor.

Y. Rubberg (violently). Good Mother—dearest Mother!

Mrs. Rubberg (*expressively*). This day must be the decisive one; your Father seriously insists upon it, he will come himself to speak with you about it.—O Edward, if my blessing is of any weight with you; never forget what your Father has sacrificed for you!—be obedient to him—he appears to you severe—yet he is only determined—and alas!—necessity requires it.

SCENE THE TENTH.

The former, CHRISTIAN.

Christian. A servant of Lady Kanenstein's—the company waits. (*Softly,*) The Jew will not come.

T. Rubberg. Dreadful!—I will come directly—(*Christian retires*) with empty hands!

Mrs. Rubberg. You are going thither again?

T. Rubberg. I must, because—I must!—Yet, this day, will I send a note to her, by the Baron; if she knows mankind, and understands the language of the heart, she must be convinced, that *my heart* would from amongst thousands, adopt her—even though she lived in indigence. I have proved to her, by the loss of my fortune, that I regard no sacrifice, if by it, I can only gain the satisfaction of being near her.

Mrs. Rubberg. Right—and yet—how humbled do I feel, that this marriage is necessary to you?—(*anxiously.*) If you are refused?

Y. Rubberg. Never, never!

Mrs. Rubberg (more assured). If you should be refused! Ah Edward—I have never entertained the thought, that my Son could be refused—till now—since I am poor!

Y. Rubberg. Hope every thing.

Mrs. Rubberg. You must quit this place, and what would then become of your Mother? The world would deride my sorrows, your Father condemn them. Ah! a woman is so helpless amidst sorrow—what could I do, but reproach myself, lament you, and expire?

Y. Rubberg (with the highest enthusiasm). Well, well—if I am refused.—You shall not be unhappy—assuredly not! filial affection will raise my pride, gratitude, urgent reparation, every circumstance will aid me with unusual strength. Now I am negotiating for honour, for the joys of love. Then I act for my Mother, for my derided Mother—my abused Father. Then I shall have to repair injuries, to dry up scalding tears. The unfortunate may attain a blessing, the more fortunate cannot deserve. What can fail those who are inspired by such sacred sentiments? who in the world can withstand those, who are preceded by the blessings of the Almighty!—Are you sensible of that? O dearest Mother, should I not wish, that I might be refused?

Mrs. Rubberg. Edward, how I love you for those filial sentiments!—Oh! there is nothing in nature so delightful, as a Mother who can be proud of her children!—Yes—you have given me courage again. Is all lost—honour still remains to us untainted. Your Father will be here—I go—I could not be present at this conversation—our failings are too great. (*She goes and returns.*) Why is it so painful to me to leave you?—An unaccountable sensation keeps me here. Ah Edward—when we meet again—shall we then be happy? This day decides for a long futurity—honour or disgrace!—come what will—only preserve me your heart and your honour!—receive a remembrance of this solemn moment!—there!—the picture of your Grandfather; the most precious gift I have to bestow, the last I have remaining. In happiness or misfortune, when I am no more—think on your mother, and of honour! Reflect she gave it you in an hour, when the fortunes of her family, the reproaches of her weakness, her anxiety for you!—cost her the agonies of death. (*She retires.*)

T. Rubberg (directly following). Yes, that I will.

SCENE THE ELEVENTH.

O. RUHBERG, YOUNG RUHBERG, *afterwards*
CHRISTIAN.

O. *Rubberg*. The conversation with your Mother appears to have been interesting ?

Y. *Rubberg*. Yes, dearest Father.

O. *Rubberg*. You have been crying—were they but tears of amendment—I would bless you, and quietly leave to your heart the event.

Y. *Rubberg*. Do so, you shall not find yourself deceived.

O. *Rubberg*. But I know, where they *even now* wait for you—and *why*—do you love Lady Kanenstein ?

Y. *Rubberg*. Yes.

O. *Rubberg*. Well.—It is now too late to enquire whether your ambition, her rank, her fortune—or your love, are the objects which require her heart. I set aside all the objections which have prepossessed me against this marriage—reflect only on one !

Y. *Rubberg*. And which is that—

O. *Rubberg*. I am very happily married ; your Mother never made me feel, that she was of rank—and yet, my son, your Father is in your way, for he is a Plebeian.

Y. Rubberg. Do you then think, I have renounced every feeling? Will you so cruelly humble me, that—

Y. Rubberg. Bestow a moment on my history, and consider what is before you.—The fortune of your Mother, I did not object leaving at her disposal, to convince her, that in our union, it was not my object. Your talents were excellent, but they ought to have been more carefully attended to, directed more masculine. As a boy, your favourite ideas were all romantic; you passed from that, to the sentimental—disgusted with such empty food—you grew studious—your talents unfolded themselves—you was noticed—praised—was sensible of it—your ambition began to shew itself—rose higher—grew enormously, and was, from the weak side of your Mother, directed to one point—may the Almighty never bring me to account for letting it proceed so far with you.—Confidence in your Father departed—to the Mother, who satisfied all your whims. I loved your Mother, I could not alter it, without breaking her heart.—You stand now on a precipice which makes me tremble—this day—after having lived happily, with a most excellent wife, for five and twenty years—must I wish, on your account—that I had never seen her.

Y. Rubberg. Dearest Father, you conjure up dreadful consequences from so happy a marriage. Why do you not think me happy among people, who are interested for my welfare? 'Tis true, you do not like nobility—you are entirely against a connection of different ranks—

O. Rubberg. May unhappy—distracted wranglers calumniate the nobility—difference of rank I hold necessary. But I cannot suffer that a person should move in a sphere where he does not belong—and least of all, to force themselves where they have not the least pretensions to be. I loved your Mother, without any other consideration—yet this marriage is the misfortune of my children. When I perceive a Plebeian, with so much indifference for his own opinions, so little feeling for his own consequence—as to suppose the splendour of another's dignity can raise his own;—I pity him—and if it is my Son, in whom I perceive this, it grieves me.

Y. Rubberg. If I could but persuade you to accept one of their invitations, you would see—

O. Rubberg. What you do not see—what I gladly would hide from myself—that they despise you.

Y. Rubberg. How—

O. Rubberg. How can they do otherwise? What must they think of a man, who can be with the greatest ease, one of the first in a

respectable class, rather ruin his family to be among them, one of the last, the slave of their opinions, the bearer of all their humours. All this has made me, for several years, very uneasy—the more so, as I could not alter it, while your Mother's fortune lasted. That is now—yet she no doubt has mentioned it to you.

Y. Rubberg. Yes.

O. Rubberg. Likewise my fixed determination with regard to yourself.

Y. Rubberg. About that also.

O. Rubberg. Well, go then, play no more. What you have yet remaining to squander—are the few peaceful days of your parents' old age. It would be too hard, if you suffered your Mother to be in want.—I beg of you, play no more. At present, I have nothing more to say to you. Go now, where they are waiting for you. (*He is going. After a few paces his Son falls on his neck.*)

Y. Rubberg. Father—

O. Rubberg. What have you to say—

Y. Rubberg. I shall not go—

O. Rubberg. How—

Y. Rubberg. I shall remain here—

O. Rubberg. Son—

Y. Rubberg. I will never go there again—I cannot—I cannot leave you—tell me, whether you can forgive me?—

O. Rubberg. Every thing!

Y. Rubberg. Whether you can again love me?

O. Rubberg. You will not go there again?

Y. Rubberg. No.

O. Rubberg. Never?

Y. Rubberg.—No!—

O. Rubberg (after a pause). You was always rash—hasty in your resolutions, like your Mother—you have been so now. It would be wrong, if I extorted a promise—which you cannot keep.

Y. Rubberg. How?

O. Rubberg. No, Son, now I desire you—go there. (*Christian comes, and makes signs to Young Rubberg.*) Do you see—now you must go there. But when you return—and resolve in cool blood, not to go there again—then my Son—you have performed something great—have smoothed the dying pillow of your Father—no—you shall not break your promise—look, I

(he conducts him to the street door) show you the way myself.

Y. Rubberg. My Father—

O. Rubberg *(tears himself away, and retires on the other side.)*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Y. RUHBERG'S ROOM.

CHRISTIAN, afterwards S. AHLDEN.

(Christian takes down a clock ; as he is carrying it away, he meets S. Ahlden.)

S. Ahlden. Is not your master at home ?

Christian. No.

S. Ahlden. Where is he ?

Christian. Ah !—

S. Ahlden. Has any thing happened ?

Christian. He is there again !—

S. Ahlden. By Lady Kanenstien ?

Christian. Lord help us, yes !—Look you, Sir—one don't like much to talk about one's master, and I am really not that sort of fellow—but 'tis a crying sin—only look now, one thing is carried away after the other—*(shows him the paper)* there—be so good, only look once at this.

S. Ahlden. Don't say any thing about it—don't—I am acquainted with it all—and—

Christian. O dear, Sir—You are a friend of my young master, will now even be a relation.—

To which, I wish you joy with all my heart—look a little into the case! contrive that he keeps away from that cursed house.

S. Ablden. I will do all in my power—

Christian. Look you, Sir, from a youth, my master was always partial to me—and held much of me—how often has he said, at the University, Christian, as long as I live, you shall remain with me; you shall have bread, as long as I have any!—yes—since he has kept company with great folks—dear God, I am no longer good enough for him: formerly I did every thing right; now this is not right, and that is not right—and why?—Ah! I see well enough why; I am not fine enough. He would like to have such a young Jackanapes—and yet he will not send me away.—That my master is good I will answer for, living and dying—if he did but keep out of that cursed house!

SCENE THE SECOND.

STEWARD, the former.

Steward. Your most humble servant—you are no doubt young Mr. Ruhberg?

S. Ablden. No, Sir.

Christian. He is not at home—

S. Ablden. When your master comes home, tell him, I entreat he will wait for me here.

(*Retires.*)

Christian. Very well.

Steward. Your master no doubt will soon return? I will wait for him a little.

Christian. Perhaps it may be too long for you.

Steward. Then be so good, to give him this note. Say I was the house steward of Mr. Von Dammdorf; I have business in the neighbourhood, and will return here very soon. (*Goes off.*)

SCENE THE THIRD.

CHRISTIAN, *alone.*

I fancy he will return but too soon.—He is also sent from the grand connections.—I know what I'll do; when the people run after him so again—I'll send them all to the Lady Bride.—By the Lord, it can do no harm! She is rich—and as she loves him—she may as well do something more. He will never tell her, where the shoe pinches!

SCENE THE FOURTH.

Y. RUHBERG, BARON RITAU, CHRISTIAN.

Baron. Head upright, mon ami---head upright!---perseverance!

Y. Rubberg (*who, in stupid despair, has sat directly down, and employed himself, without reflection, with a pack of cards*). Yes, 'tis true!

Baron. Now we must seize it on all sides, above all things---every thing must wear the appearance, as if it was still carried on in a splendid manner; they must not perceive that one's circumstances are a little deranged.

Y. Rubberg (*staring at him*). The knave cost me dear!

Baron. But why would you be so obstinate?

Y. Rubberg (*shuffles on the table, where the papers lie, which he throws down, without being aware of it, stamps with his feet, throws away the cards, and calls out in a raving manner*). He cost me damnably dear!

Baron (*who has been attentive to the falling papers*). What the devil is this? Love letters? ---(*he takes them up.*) O Lord! of a bad sort; 1000---200,---456, mon ami---you are engaged pretty deep?---these are critical cards!

Y. Rubberg (*who walks about violently, without listening to him*). That damned seven, I had not the least idea of it!

Baron (shakes him earnestly by the arm). Mon ami, do hear me !

Y. Rubberg (with indifference). What ?

Baron (loud and pressing). Here lie a number of notes, which demand payment !

Christian (who till now remained in the back ground, comes modestly forwards, so that Rubberg is in the middle). It was hardly to be borne, so impatient were the people—some threatened—spoke of an arrest—

Y. Rubberg (coming to himself). Yes, that is terrible—that is shocking.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

The former, a SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

Sheriff's Officer. Does Mr. Rubberg live here ?

Christian (who advances immediately to meet him). Yes.

Sheriff's Officer. Give him this. (Retires.)

Christian (gives it to him).

Y. Rubberg (after having read it). Devil and hell !

Baron. What is it ?

Y. Rubberg. Terrible—terrible !

Baron. Speak then.

Y. Rubberg. You are acquainted with the demands Gebauer's heirs have upon me ?

Baron. The thousand dollars ?

Y. Rubberg. Right. Even now they have issued out an arrest against me from the Chancery!

Baron. The devil!—Is that certain?

Y. Rubberg (*pointing to the note*). Counsellor Grundmann has given me notice to appear—pay.

Baron (*shrugs his shoulders—a short pause*).

Y. Rubberg (*after reading it*). This begins to make me warm.

Baron. Friend! if this gets wind? Our affairs stand bad. Very bad.

Y. Rubberg (*ironically*). Yes, you really are quite right.

Baron. Allons donc!—Give me your note for Lady Kanenstein. I will try your fortune.

Y. Rubberg. Yes, yes. (*Fetches it, but, having the note of the Steward in his hand, he gives that instead of the other.*) There—and now—you see, it begins to grow warm.—In the name of desperation, do wonders.

Baron. But this note is to you.

Y. Rubberg. How?—Yes, truly. (*They change.*) Let's see.—(*Opens it.*)—Ha!

Baron. Well.—Also?

Y. Rubberg. C'est fort!

Baron. What is the matter with you again?

Y. Rubberg. This night—my God, how could you forget it—*this night!!*

Baron. Ah Ciel! Mr. Von Dammdorf—

Y. Rubberg. That cursed *Va Banque!*

Baron. It was really—an insolence.

Y. Rubberg. Why did you not warn me.

Baron. My God, in such a company!—

Y. Rubberg. Why did you not tear me away by force!

Baron. You would have taken that very ill of me—

Y. Rubberg. My guardian angel you would have been!

Baron. What is then to be done?

Y. Rubberg (*in his ear*). To walk out of the gates—suffer myself to be stigmatised for a good for nothing fellow.

Baron. Ah si donc—don't lose your senses.—Now, every thing will be cleared up!

Y. Rubberg. Certainly—Certainly!

Baron. Reflect, reflect!

Y. Rubberg. Of what?—On what?

Baron. On payment—

Y. Rubberg. Sir, I have nothing—nothing—nothing at all.—I am poorer than when in swaddling clothes.

Baron. An expedient then?

Y. Rubberg. Which—which? There a 1000 dollars.—Here my word of honour for this day!

Baron. Yes—there, I know not how to advise you. (*Lightly.*) 'Tis true, your word of honour—

Y. Rubberg. Pawned to my honourable rival!

Baron. It was though really, a raving sottise of yours.

Y. Rubberg. Yes, raving I was—that I was!

Baron. One must try, if Mr. Von Dammdorf is not to be persuaded, in a generous fit, to mitigate the sum.—A kind of a present—

Y. Rubberg. He is my rival!

Baron. I have it—it will do, a civil remonstrance—accompanied with a note of hand, in which you formally and openly acknowledge your debt.—And you hope he will not so strictly insist on payment.—As besides, the word of honour from a citizen to a nobleman—

Y. Rubberg. The honour of a citizen towards a nobleman, is the proudest in the world, and not seldom, the least inviolable.

Baron. Aye, these are all very sublime sentiments!—but, if all your creditors raise an outcry; the proposition you are going to make to the lady, is the most ridiculous in the world.

Y. Rubberg. I know it, and that deprives me of my senses!

Baron. Half of the company stared at you, laughed, whispered each other, as that raving *Va Banque* escaped you. You made faces, and chattered such stuff, that I was really surprised,

you did not immediately become the object of universal *persiflage*! Hm—

Y. Rubberg. Ha, ha, ha,—*persiflage*, yes, that is the right word.

Baron. Certainly!

Y. Rubberg. Hm!—Hearken to me, I feel most strangely by all these circumstances. I am—in a dreadful agitation.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

SALOMON, the former.

Salomon. Well! at last—hear me, I want my moneys—directly—

Baron. But—

Salomon. Prolong it, I can no more.

Y. Rubberg. Salomon—hear me, if it was to your advantage—would you lend me something more?

Salomon. What do you say?—I have been by the Lady Bride.

Y. Rubberg. Baron. } Fellow!

Baron.

Salomon. Well, I have not spoken with her, but—as she did not pay me—I must go again.

Y. Rubberg. By the devil—

Baron. Rascal, if you—

Y. Rubberg. I must find an expedient.

Salomon. Well—I must have resolution.

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

STEWARD, *the former.*

Baron. O horrible—

Y. Rubberg. What do you want?

Steward. A friendly compliment from my gracious master—Mr. Von Dammdorf. And he sends me here to receive from you, those thousand dollars.

Salomon (shrugs very thoughtfully his shoulders; Rubberg talks with him, and points to the Steward; the Jew retires with Christian, who returns immediately.)

Baron (*after a pause*). Friend you cannot have it with you just now—but

Steward (*almost rude*). O ho, your pardon—my gracious master told me for certain, Mr. Rubberg would pay it—he had strictly pawned his honour.

Y. Rubberg (*wildly*). I did so—

Baron (*with pretended passion*). Mon ami!—you have with your violence spoiled every thing—there lies your note.—(*He lays it on the table.*) I withdraw myself from this business. (*Will go off.*)

Y. Rubberg (*detains him*). Baron—Christian! (*raving.*) You drive me to desperate acts.

Baron. How?

Christian. What are your commands?

Y. Rubberg (anxiously). I will—Baron, you will go then *directly* to the Lady ?

Baron. Yes—if only—

Y. Rubberg. Christian, do ask my Father, if—if there is a Court this afternoon, at the justices ?

Christian (retires.)

Steward. I desire not to be kept long—

Y. Rubberg. No, no—

Steward. I am ordered before hand, when I go from here, to settle other accounts. I hope you will, in consideration of your word of honour, not—

Y. Rubberg. Hold your tongue—you will be paid.

Baron. My God, from what—

Christian (returning). Your Father is not at home.

Y. Rubberg. Christian, the Jew shall wait with you—'till—'till I ring—(*Christian retires.*)

Y. Rubberg. Baron—have the goodness, this man—a moment.—I shall return immediately.

(*Goes off.*)

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

BARON, STEWARD, Y. RUBBERG *soon returns.*

Baron. Do you know, my good old man—if your master is with Lady Kanenstein at present.

Y. Rubberg (comes in quick). Baron.

Baron. What is the matter?—

Y. Rubberg (trying to appear gay). You then believe—if I could pay these people—I should have hopes of the Lady?

Baron (amazed and confounded). Yes, that you have—my God, yes—but, what is the matter with you?—pale—disfigured—cold sweats stand on your forehead—you tremble—

Y. Rubberg. That old man thinks the time long. (*Goes off.*)

Baron (looking after him, a short pause). I do not understand this.

Steward. Harkee Baron, I cannot tell you, if my gracious master is just now with the lady; I never trouble myself about any of my gracious master's actions, I always thought, "What is not your business you had better not meddle with;" and, thank God!—I thrive very well by it.

Baron. Ha, ha, I believe so—I commend you.

Steward. But my master, is not like many others—"Throw away the lemon as soon as the juice is out."—For look you, I am a legacy from my late old master.

Baron. So, so!—Aye.

Steward. I can assure you, Baron, there is not an acre of land, not a meadow, wood, tree, orchard, or garden, on the estate, but I know what it is worth.

Baron. Bless me—that is much.

Steward. Yes, I should like to see that person, who could cheat my gracious master of one penny, if it first had to pass through my hands.

Baron. O yes, I have that opinion of you.

Steward. Yes—and yet there is nothing to spare. By my late Lord, there was always a large surplus, but with us, it will not hold out.—Baron, (*whispers him confidentially,*) the expences are much too great.—

Baron. O yes, when—

Steward (as before). They will ape princes!

Baron. Yes, that is the reason.

Steward. Such a journey to Italy, that was also such a plague to me. There arrived one letter after the other.—“Money, old one—Money!”—It must be sent—Ah—it is a sin and a shame. When my Lord buys any thing here, they will sometimes ask his old servant—O, I have often made many a light bargain, make the crabs march.

Baron (growing tired). Your Master has undoubtedly a faithful servant in you.

Steward. Yes, I am an old fellow, but as for fidelity, no one comes up to me there.

SCENE THE NINTH.

The former, Y. RUBBERG (pale, disturbed, and quick).

Y. Rubberg. Here, old friend, is your money—now go.

Steward. About counting it over.

Y. Rubberg. That do at home—

Steward. Yes, and then about the receipt.

Y. Rubberg. I will not have any—away!

Steward. Well then—your most obedient servant. (*Retires.*)

Baron. I am astonished to the utmost.—Bravo! I give you joy!

Y. Rubberg. I thank you, Baron—I thank you.

Baron. But where in the name of wonder, have you, on the point of want, procured such a sum?

Y. Rubberg. There are more sums, pay the Jew with them. Withdraw the claim of the Gebauers—satisfy these crying demands—and first of all—make haste—fly to Lady Kanenstein.

Baron. Directly.

Y. Rubberg. I will not recapitulate those trifles, which you have, as marks of friendship often so highly prized; nor that I once saved your life—but that you procured me the acquaintance of this angel—that I now through poverty require, what formerly would only have augmented my happiness—lavished wealth—a ruined family—lost—O, my friend, by every thing you know—*by what you do not know!*—fan each small spark, which burns for me, into a flame! My fortune must *immediately* be decided; if it is to be as great as my misfortune can be.

Baron. My God, I dread a shocking—

Y. Rubberg. Go, go—no trifling, be as quick, as if your soul was at stake!

Baron. Yes, but if—

Y. Rubberg. Leave me! your being here is dreadful; deadly is your presence till you return from her. (*He drives him anxiously away.*)
Away, away—I must be alone. (*Baron goes off.*)

SCENE THE TENTH.

Y. RUBBERG, alone.

Y. Rubberg. Alone—alone must I be, since I am criminal—or is it a religious consciousness—remains of the nurse's morals?—But this anxiety, this dread.—The blood retires towards the heart

—my hands are cold—all recollection leaves me—
—are these the feelings of a common sinner?—
Madman—thou art one!—"Borrowed secretly
from my Father," say I!—He has plundered
the money of government, the public will say.
Envy, persecution, malice, rage, and the laws,
will raise themselves against me. He has sto—
here I dare not speak the word. Between cold
hideous walls I shall roar it out. The laws will
search for their victim—and the idea is death!

SCENE THE ELEVENTH.

S. AHLDEN, Y. RUHBERG.

S. Ahlden. Ah—see there! my friend, Ruhberg.

Y. Rubberg. Your servant.

S. Ahlden. I have long wished to speak with you.

Y. Rubberg. So? (*coldly.*) Will you not be
seated?

S. Ahlden (*with the utmost friendliness*). Aye,
my dear, Ruhberg—since how long are we on
this ceremonious footing with each other?—'tis
true it is usually so, when one has not for a long
time seen each other. But that is not my fault
—I have very often missed you.

Y. Rubberg (*civilly*). I am heartily sorry
for it.

S. Ablden. The great world are too much attached to you—you must often be roving with them.

T. Rubberg (carelessly). Hm!—More is said of it than is true.

S. Ablden. As is usually the case.

T. Rubberg. Have you any thing more to say to me—I am sorry—and rely on your forgiveness. On account of a pressing concern, I must—

S. Ablden. So—Yes, my dear, Rubberg, a particular request brings me here.

T. Rubberg. What is it?

S. Ablden. You remember your drawing of the setting sun—you drew it at the university—it was so very much admired.

T. Rubberg. Ah—yes.

S. Ablden. I have been asked about it. Will you lend it me for a few days?

T. Rubberg. Why not? (*He takes a portfolio out of the bureau, and from it the drawing.*) There it is.

S. Ablden. Yes—there it is—true!—It is indeed a charming piece! On the day you saved the life of Baron Ritau—you drew this. (*He looks at it.*) How I revered the noble youth, as the departing sun reddened his cheek. (*He seems lost in the examination of it.*) The delightful perspective—in small lines, the whole creation so masterly done—by all that has already been said,

sung, and drawn of the kind—so clever—so new and yet so true, the gentle touches—such endless room for the fancy!—This is no piece one can pass lightly over, and say; “it is pretty.”—It recalls that evening—it represents *your look*.—As one looks at it, one fancies one’s self the artist who produced it; and when one parts from it—one parts from a friend.—I see you sitting on the bank, and I, and the others!—It was really a charming evening!—

Y. Rubberg (sighing). Yes—that it was.

S. Ablden (without looking from the picture). Is this sigh to the remembrance of the University.

Y. Rubberg. In certain references—O yes.

S. Ablden (as before). Pity, that you did not proceed in this art—

Y. Rubberg. Pity! (*In the idea that Ablden does not observe him—half aside.*) Pity on many accounts!

S. Ablden (turning quick towards him). True, indeed. You have given some interesting things in poetry—it all sleeps now. You are also dead to music.

Y. Rubberg. It will all return.

S. Ablden. Good! but in the mean time you serve no one. Talents such as yours should not be for one hour useless in the world.—Do you still remember how rejoiced we were at the University, to get out of the old forms by degrees?

how angry we were, that the judge did not comprehend the people? how we talked it over, that when it should once come to our turn, firmly and without enthusiasm, to do real good in the courts of justice?

T. Rubberg. Well I remember it. With such intention I came here. It was to me of little consequence whether I was known; but—Ritau procured me the acquaintance of Lady Kanenstein, even my mother engaged in the connection—passion for that heavenly being dragged me there.—I was intangled in that mode of life—and at an end were all my sober plans.

S. Ahlden. And at an end was your happiness. Formerly you lived an amiable life—What *now*!—confess to yourself—how *it now* is with you! or—if your conscience is not faithful—well—read it in horrid characters on the faces of some unfortunate beings in this family, whose happiness you—have trifled with.

T. Rub. Ahlden—you know, that I *am* not more what I *was*—that I can *never* be it again.—What would you have?—what would you make of me?

S. Ahlden. Brother of my future wife—my brother—noble young man—you *must still* make us all happy! Solemnly I intreat you, in the name of your honour and good sense—renounce chimeras—become citizen, brother—*son*—and you become great!

Y. Rubberg. It is too late—it is too late!—yes, if—it is too late!—God be praised—that gave you—I repeat this with my whole soul—that gave you my sister. Know, that however unhappy I may perhaps be—my heart is not yet so hardened, but that I have still a grateful tear for *your* happiness remaining—

S. Ablden. Depend upon me—never will I forget this tear.

Y. Rubberg. Leave me—go—I am very much agitated—

S. Ablden. No, I must first gain over your return to us.

Y. Rubberg. O it is too late—(*bordering on despair.*) *It is too late!!!*

S. Ablden (attentive). How so? What hinders it.

Y. Rubberg (frightened). It would certainly be right—but then—such a dry mode of life.

S. Ablden. Dry? surely to make mankind happy cannot be tiresome.—See—for example—to-day it has been decided, that my defence has saved the life of a human being.—Picture to yourself my feelings on this occasion.

Y. Rubberg (negligently, but still without losing the high tone, that should characterise this scene). Certainly—that—I have often thought. Whom did you defend?

S. Ablden. The old receiver Sievert, from Grünhayn. You must remember the report about the robbery of the public chest—

Y. Rubberg. Robbery of the public chest! So, so!

S. Ablden. Do you know the man?

Y. Rubberg. Yes, I am acquainted with the circumstance.

S. Ablden. The defence was not an easy matter. The deficiencies in the public accounts have been so frequent lately. The sharpened laws have ordained the gallows for less sums.

Y. Rubberg. It is madness to decree the punishment of death for it.

S. Ablden. Yes, but the frequent repetition—

Y. Rubberg. It is madness, I tell you.

S. Ablden. But can consist with any order, such a theft—

Y. Rubberg (wildly). A person who seizes the public treasure is no thief.

S. Ablden. What else then?

Y. Rubberg. Most of them would replace it.

S. Ablden. Would!

Y. Rubberg. And certainly *will*—if they do not—

S. Ablden. At this rate, every good for nothing fellow, to satisfy his debaucheries, could steal—and—

Y. Rubberg. But do you then examine—what brought the man to this?—Are there not circumstances, where the judge himself might not have acted exactly in the same manner, as the criminal he condemns?

S. Ablden. Well then, change the person, and it will—

Y. Rubberg. Ha, you are cold—cold—as you all are. Your duty is bloodthirstiness, your justice murder.

S. Ablden. But tell me—how can you, for a possible circumstance—

Y. Rubberg. Hm—I only now perceive that—

S. Ablden. —be so extravagantly violent—I cannot comprehend you.

Y. Rubberg. Why really, I must have de-claimed much—forgive me—you know that—

S. Ablden. You have a peculiar manner; can you not interest yourself about any thing, without seizing it with a fire that consumes you?

Y. Rubberg. My most joyful hopes are, that it cannot much longer last *as it is*—if it only is not a dreadful change!

S. Ablden (embracing him with kindness). Are you never to be at peace? (A pause—Rubberg turns aside his face.) An inward good conscience always bestows peace, and ease to a worthy object!

T. Rubberg (turns quick round, regards him stedfastly, and seizes him). Go, and lament over me! (He darts out of the room.)

S. Ablden. Rubberg, friend, brother—(Goes after him.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

OLD RUHBERG, *afterwards* CHRISTIAN.

(*Old Rubberg is already on the stage ; is sitting and reading, he looks at his watch*).

Three quarters after three—now they will soon be here. (*Rings, Christian comes.*) Is my son at home ?

Christian. Has been—and said, he would soon return.

O. Rubberg. 'Tis well. Whoever comes will not be admitted.

Christian. Very well. (*Retires.*)

SCENE THE SECOND.

Mr. and Mrs. RUHBERG,

O. Rubberg. My love, you have made an excellent arrangement; by your proper retrenchments, no one suffered, that has long served us—'tis true, I ought not to have expected otherwise from your heart.

Mrs. Rubberg. God knows, I have seldom met a more painful scene. You know, they were all worthy people. No one knew what they were doing—they said they would “gladly serve us

for less, they would"—I could not bear it any longer. I shut myself in my closet and wept.

O. Rubberg. I can easily imagine, how much you must have suffered with them all.—For which reason, I wanted to have proposed to you, the taking another—rather smaller house, to banish all remembrance of former scenes.

Mrs. Rubberg. O, dearest husband—this house has been so long in my family—

O. Rubberg. It depends on how my son's affairs are—whether we can keep it or not. If he has no debts, which is hardly to be expected, he will still want considerable assistance, before his business gets into the right channel.

Mrs. Rubberg. Assistance?—Business? You forget—

O. Rubberg (kindly). What I so gladly forget, the marriage.

Mrs. Rubberg. Ah!—

O. Rubberg. Has he put the question—

Mrs. Rubberg. Yes.

O. Rubberg. And the answer—

Mrs. Rubberg. Is not yet come back.

O. Rubberg. Not yet come back?—Do not let us talk any more about it—Edward will come?

Mrs. Rubberg. Certainly.

O. Rubberg. If it is possible—be cheerful on my family holiday.

Mrs. Rubberg. If you perceive me sorrowful—Ah!—It concerns only myself.

SCENE THE THIRD.

The former, C. AHLDEN, S. AHLDEN, introduced by LOUISA.

C. Ahlden (*still within*). I have to intreat—it cannot be.

O. Rubberg. Ah, here they are!

C. Ahlden. Aye, aye. (*Comes in.*) You are too polite Miss, too polite.

O. Rubberg. Be you most heartily welcome—

C. Ahlden. Your servant, colleague.—Your most obedient, Madam—

Mrs. Rubberg. Sir—

S. Ahlden. We came earlier than you expected. You will pardon *me* that.

O. Rubberg. Will you not be seated.

C. Ahlden. If you permit me—I love the exercise of walking—and standing—the rest may take their ease.—A charming girl—your daughter, so polite, and civil—so sedate—

Louisa (*to S. Ahlden*). O, how rejoiced I am, that I please him.

C. Ablden. How old is the dear child?

Mrs. Rubberg. Nineteen years.

C. Ablden. Nineteen? As old as my Julia, if she was still living. It will be seven years next midsummer that she died.—Why do you not sit down? Do not regulate yourselves by me! To sit much would be my death.—Sitting much, wine, coffee, and melancholy—against these things I must take a great deal of care.

O. Rubberg. You do right.

C. Ablden. If I, in the smallest degree, overstep bounds, I directly feel my accident.—The blood 'mounts to my head, I see every thing double and treble.

Mrs. Rubberg. Yet, you appear to be very well, also—

C. Ablden. So, So—A pair of beautiful swans you have in your garden, madam! Apropos—Is not your Son here.

Mrs. Rubberg. He will afterwards have the honour, to—

C. Ablden. With time and opportunity—no hurry—

Mrs. Rubberg. Pardon me—he—

C. Ablden. If you will give me leave, I will now and then visit these pretty creatures, I am very fond of feeding them.

Mrs. Rubberg (bows). My Son would have been here long ago, if—

C. Ahlden (speaks to O. Rubberg). Do you know, who will get the rich Bailywick. (*He takes him into the back ground.*)

Mrs. Rubberg (looks after him rather hurt).

S. Ahlden, and Louisa (appear in confusion).

Mrs. Rubberg. Your Father has perhaps some pressing business with my Husband; if so, we will—

S. Ahlden. Not yet, I believe—(*nearer to her.*)—It will be the utmost kindness, if you will excuse outward appearances. O, when he is better known to you—

O. Rubberg. I should not have thought—

C. Ahlden. Cui favet. (*Coming forward.*) Dear Colleague—cui favet!—Well, what I mean to say—the young folks will bring us in relationship.

O. Rubberg. Yes, dear Ahlden, this has happened so suddenly.

C. Ahlden. I tell you—if it is your wish—well then—in the name of God!—I will make no objection to it.

O. Rubberg. For which I thank you. For us, and for my Daughter, that you will not make any objection to it.

C. Ablden. Why, look you—you must not think amiss of me.—In the beginning, I was against it.

O. Rubberg. (*a little estranged*). So?

Mrs. Rubberg (*nearly violent*). Really, this is the first I hear of it.

C. Ablden. Yes, yes, at first, I was not at all inclined towards it.

S. Ablden. Yes, my Father means—

C. Ablden. That his Son should let him speak!—Also—as I said, for it is my way—to stand behind the hill and to dissemble, was never in my whole life, my mode of acting.—At the beginning—I had rather—much rather, that—God forgive me my sins—the Lords had not passed my accounts, than that the fellow should have lost his wits here.

Mrs. Rubberg. I don't know why—

C. Ablden. Give me leave—it all belongs to the business.—I will not affront you.

Mrs. Rubberg. I own, that it in some measure surprises me.—

C. Ablden. Only patience. I know you will hear reason. Look you—every Father has views for his children, and projects how they may arrive at honour and advantage.—So I may have had for my son, also, a project in my brains—which this marriage has run plump across. Yes, and therefore you will forgive my not at

first approving this marriage. Hey—what say you?

Mrs. Rubberg. O yes—the circumstance I can very easily imagine. (*Referring to herself.*)

C. Ablden. Much as I was at first disturbed at it—for observe, the lad never opposed me so much before in his whole life.—I considered soon afterwards.—The girl is worthy—'tis an honest family—you have only this one son—he has attached his whole soul to her; more than that, he has given his word—one must keep one's word—I have never in my life broke my word, and should I be the occasion.—No.—Enough. I agreed to it, so stands the case at present. When your two parents give their consent, the thing is finished.

O. Rubberg. You are a worthy good man. I give my consent.

Mrs. Rubberg. And I mine.

C. Ablden. Well, that is then settled—but—well, well, it will be all right in time.

O. Rubberg. { What have you yet to say.

S. Ablden. { My Father—

C. Ablden. Yes, if I did but know—I cannot be quite contented till I have spoken it.

Mrs. Rubberg (friendly). O, don't hesitate—

C. Ablden. Really?—Shall I speak?—But it immediately concerns yourself—

Mrs. Rubberg. The more I intreat.—Have confidence in me—

C. Ablden (with great friendliness). Do not mind the words; these I do not know how to arrange; but I really mean it well.

O. Rubberg. Worthy man!

Mrs. Rubberg. Truth—for the happiness of my children, cannot hurt me.

S. Ablden. Charming! Really charming! So reasonable I did not imagine you would be. Well, observe.—Your family is a family would do honour to any connection. But—do not take it ill of me—your mode of life is for me too grand. Therefore, I heartily beg of you now—let the children live quiet and privately together, not *grand*. Should I hear of young sparks flying backwards and forwards from the gaming table, libertine companions, neat soupés and joyous parties, I know it will be the ruin of my son, and then I shall fret and grieve myself to death.

Mrs. Rubberg. I wish my daughter happy—I shall advise her as a mother, to avoid all these things. Also—

C. Ablden. Dearest charming lady—my God, how mistaken have I been in this woman.—I now for the first time rejoice at this marriage, since I find you are so good—so very good. God knows I was afraid of you. Aye, aye, I have

done you injustice—as true as I live—great injustice.

O. Rubberg. You knew not each other.

C. Ablden. Aye, we will chatter away many a long evening together—look, look!—My Charles has procured me before I leave this world such a couple of hearty friends. (*He presses the hands of both.*) And in truth, may I not come in my everyday coat?

Mrs. Rubberg. Must I then answer you that question!

C. Ablden. Yes, *this* coat, I have not worn since the marriage of our prince, six years ago—and as I did not yet know you, I this day put it on. Shall not happen again!

Mrs. Rubberg. (*cries and embraces Louisa*).

O. Rubberg. What ails you?

Mrs. Rubberg. Shall I not weep? (*To C. Ablden.*) O Sir, my daughter—my dutiful daughter comes to you, like—like—

C. Ablden. What—

Mrs. Rubberg. A beggar—

O. Rubberg. Yes, Sir—with nothing, with nothing at all—she comes to you.—It is my fault—this painful acknowledgment, is the least punishment for my obstinacy in a weak foolish maxim. I have made her a beggar.

C. Ablden. Beggar—with a heart for the wants of thousands?—My children, I resign my place to you, and the little I have!—Girl—feed me till death, do you hear?

Louisa. My Father—

Mrs. Rubberg. Ah! miserable Mother.

C. Ablden. I am old—first and last—I require not much, and can learn to want still less. Give me a small chamber under the roof—but my children must live handsomely.

Mrs. Rubberg. You draw tears from me—

C. Ablden. A high tone I *despise*: but if these folks were to lose the conveniences of private life, if they were in want of domestic comfort, if they had not so much left to rejoice with a worthy honest friend, now and then to relieve an indigent, and raise up a sufferer—I would rather sleep on straw, take from my own mouth, would instruct children, and transcribe—'till they had enough, so to live.

Mrs. Rubberg. God be praised—for your heart and your connection.

C. Ablden. Notwithstanding, they will not be badly off.

O. Rubberg. Well, my love, shall you not be chearful on my family holiday?

Mrs. Rubberg. Ah!—if Edward were but as fortunate!

O. Rubberg. Will be so too in time.—Now my children. (*They approach.*) We are agreed. Young man—I give my Daughter to you.—Render her happy—she is a good girl.

Mrs. Rubberg. Sir—be this family ever in your remembrance. Louisa—forget not your Mother, and if you are prosperous—do not forget your Brother. Be to him adviser and protectress, when we are no more—and God will bless you.

O. Rubberg. Yes, on that head I intreat you, and also you, worthy man.

C. Ablden. With all my heart—indeed by this opportunity, I would—however, another time.

S. Ablden. God is my witness, you shall not find yourself deceived in any expectations you may have formed, Father.—Dear Mother, you will see your Daughter happy. Edward the friend of my youth—now *my* Brother—I promise a Brother's fidelity until death.

Louisa (to C. Ablden). Will you love your Daughter? Take pleasure in her filial attentions, dear Father?

C. Ablden. Yes, my Daughter.

Louisa. Your pleasure, your amusement, shall be my sole thought.

C. Ablden. Yes! dear child, will you take me in hand?—God is very kind to me!—Lost my dear wife, and had no one to take care of me in old age, to comfort me, when the burthen was too heavy—and now I have such an excellent Daughter in Law—and what gives me the greatest pleasure is, she has just the manner of your late Mother—few words—but the heart in the eyes—a heart from which one may derive comfort in this troublesome world.—My good Charlotte, if you was but still here!—If you did but know, that I am still so well off, do not take it amiss—I must shed tears—when I reflect on that good woman—she was too good—

O. Rubberg. Lament her. It is a consoling idea—that the place from which a good being retreated—remains, after many years, still unoccupied—and that this vacancy still costs a tear to a feeling mind.

Louisa. Tell me of her frequently; after her example, and yours, dear Mother—will I learn to make my Charles happy.

O. Rubberg (pause). 'Tis a pity, that we are so aged.—The children will be happy, and we shall not long witness it. (*Short pause—no one moves.*)

Mrs. Rubberg. Who knows, how long we may yet remain together? (*A longer pause.*)

C. Ahlden. Good people, this is too much for my heart. God give his blessing to you, be happy. Now colleague, let us about our business. I tell you this ;—when we return—and any one talks to me again of death and dying—them I will pack off!—Now come, after work rest is good. This evening we will be merry. (*He is retiring, but his cheerfulness increases and induces his return.*) Madam—between ourselves, I heard of the musicians.—Of an old man, who, when it comes to the point, never spoils sport, and from a dear good woman, who did not refuse to dance with him. (*Retires with O. Rubberg.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.

Mrs. RUBBERG, LOUISA, S. AHLDEN,

(*A short pause.*)

Mrs. Rubberg. Dear Son, what a worthy Father you have!

Louisa. Yes, indeed.

S. Ahlden. He possesses the strictest honesty—now and then too blunt—but as good as it is possible to be.

Louisa. Have I not made a good choice, my dear Mother.

Mrs. Rubberg. Indeed have you! Your Father and I, we have much mistaken each other. I am fearful he will often still mistake me.

S. Ablden. Have you forgot in what an overflow of the heart, he just now did you justice?

Mrs. Rubberg. I would so gladly retain this good opinion, but ah—these are such happy hours for you, and yet I cannot conceal my sorrows—

S. Ablden (kissing her hand). Would you do that before your children?

Mrs. Rubberg. Tears to your joy!

Louisa. Joy by my Mother's tears?

Mrs. Rubberg. Where is he, what is he doing?

S. Ablden. I understand you—

Louisa (Goes out).

Mrs. Rubberg. But feel, you certainly cannot, what passes within me. Where is he, why is he not here? Not to-day? Not *now*?—Something must have happened to him.

S. Ablden. What could—

Mrs. Rubberg. That is the case—I feel all—what could be, and tremble for that which *is*.—His love for his sister is unbounded, and yet he is not here!

S. Ablden. Perhaps—

Mrs. Rubberg. More than that, he promised to be here, and he is generally true to his word—(*very uneasy.*)—and is not here!

S. Ablden. Who knows, whether—

Mrs. Rubberg. Is it not so?—You cannot say any thing—

Louisa (Returns).

Mrs. Rubberg. Is he not yet here?

Louisa.—No.—

Mrs. Rubberg. So much uneasiness at a time, when each trifle, every thing—is for life decided.—So many things are contrary to my expectations—I would fain have done every thing right, and have done all wrong.—How many parents have the satisfaction of bringing to perfection their wishes for their children—and how few will pardon me.

S. Ablden. Be assured the actions of the man will hide the errors of the youth.

SCENE THE FIFTH.

Y. RUBBERG, *the former.*

Louisa. There he is.

Y. Rubberg. Am I perhaps come too late?

Mrs. Rubberg. It must be too late, because it is not too early—Not to speak of—

Y. Rubberg. I am sorry for it ; but I was under the necessity of going out, and was very much detained at several places.—Has Baron Ritau not yet been here ?

Louisa. No.

Y. Rubberg. Not ?—'Tis strange !

Mrs. Rubberg. Have you not yet received an answer ?

Y. Rubberg. No.

Mrs. Rubberg. This lasts long—

Y. Rubberg. Well then—we will comfort ourselves with the proverb—

Louisa. Through your eagerness, you don't perceive this stranger—

Y. Rubberg. My dear brother ! (*Embraces Ablden and the others.*) We have already spoken—

Mrs. Rubberg. Edward, had you but been here, you had made an acquaintance with a most worthy man.

Y. Rubberg. With whom ?

Louisa. My second father.

Y. Rubberg. Ah!—where is he ; and my father—where are they ?

Mrs. Rubberg. He was so contented with your sister, so pleased, so affected, he shed tears. We all began to be so melancholy—things began to

take such a sorrowful turn—it was too much for the good man—he broke off at once; and—indeed, it was already so settled last week—and therefore—to divert themselves—they are at this moment settling the delivering up of the public money.

Y. Rubberg. My God!

Mrs. Rubberg. { What is the matter?

Louisa. { What ails you?

Y. Rubberg (*already more temperate*). Delivering up the public money, say you?

Mrs. Rubberg. Yes.

Louisa. Why do you think it so strange?

Y. Rubberg. Why—only consider yourself—To-day—Business—(*Significantly.*)—It is very strange!

S. Ablden. Yes, but it is his mode and manner—it was last week fixt for this day; and he piques himself much on the management of his time—As he says, to kill two flies with one blow.

Y. Rubberg (*quite at a distance from the rest*).
O my God!

S. Ablden. You will on the contrary see, how very merry he will be to-day, even to outdo the young ones.—When he has done his duty, he appears quite another being.

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Counsellor WALTHER, *Mrs.* WALTHER, *the former.*

Mrs. Rubberg. I must quarrel with you, dear cousin.—So late!—Is this friendly?

Counsellor. The fault of my wife—or rather the dear custom of the sex, never to have done with dressing!

Mrs. Walther (to Mrs. Rubberg). I have already made Louisa my hearty congratulations on her choice.

Counsellor. Yes—they will be a happy couple—

S. Ahlden. The prophecy comes from a happy couple.

Mrs. Walther. Cousin Edward, why so silent?

T. Rubberg. The consequence of a throbbing head-ach—on which account I must retire to my room. (*Will retire.*)

Mrs. Walther (detaining him). Who will may take the young gentleman at his word?—Not I. It is too dull here—

T. Rubberg (anxiously). It will soon be more lively!

Mrs. Walther. In the mean time, without considering the throbbing head-ach, without considering that many ladies will be very angry with me—I depend on you for my companion.

T. Rubberg. You will find but indifferent amusement!

Counsellor. You may be proud, if you retain our cousin for one hour—he is known for an inconstant companion. (*From within, is rung loudly several times.*)

C. Ablden (calls). Help, Help!

Mrs. Rubberg. { Almighty God!

Y. Rubberg. { I am lost!

S. Ablden. { What is the matter?

C. and Mrs. Walther. { Who calls? (*The Mother, Daughter, and S. Ablden, run towards the door—The Son looks after them with horror—The Counsellor and his wife stand frightened—No one regards Y. Rubberg, as they are at the door, precipitately—*)

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

The C. AHLDEN, the former.

C. Ablden (runs against them). Back!—my Son, the doctor, quick—the doctor!—

Mrs. Rubberg. { My Husband—my husband!

Louisa. { O God, my Father!

C. Ablden. Run, for God's sake—run!

S. Ablden (goes off).

Mrs. Rubberg. What has befallen my husband!

C. Ablden. A strong fainting fit—Have you any salts?

Mrs. Rubberg. O yes—yes. (*Will go in.*)

C. Ablden. Stay you here!

Mrs. Rubberg. How—

C. Ablden. It cannot be.

Mrs. Rubberg. I shall not—how—

C. Ablden. The facts here!—there, counsellor—on the duty and oath of your place, let no one go in—no one, whoever it may be.

Louisa. { My Father—

Counsellor. { But—

C. Ablden. It cannot be—Within. (*He drives him in—holds Mrs. Rubberg back—and locks the door.*) So, Mrs. Walther—will you take care, that no one goes in or out of the house—except my Son and the Doctor? Avoid all running, and questions of the servants.*

Mrs. Walther (*Goes out*).

Mrs. Rubberg. For God's sake, why may I not go to my husband—

C. Ablden. Silence, then—Silence—

Louisa. Let me go to my Father.

C. Ablden. Madam, there is wanting five thousand dollars, in Louis d'ors, of the public money.

Mrs. Rubberg. { My God!

Louisa. { What do you say?

T. Rubberg (*Shudders violently*).

(*Pause.*)

Mrs. Rubberg. Do you speak truth?

* This Scene must be played very quick.

C. Ablden. Told—wanting—told, and again wanting!—there lay your Husband on the ground as dead—I speak truth.

Y. Rubberg (distractedly). My Father—my Father! (*Runs to the door, returns to the company.*) O let me go in, only see him once more, let me go in!—my whole life for one minute by my Father! I will detain his parting spirit—(*He runs and throws himself down at the door.*)—Father, my Father, do you not hear me?

Louisa. Does he yet live—O God, does he yet live?

C. Ablden. Silence, children, do not alarm the man! Return, young gentleman—come here!—no windling—no complaining—no hypocrisy—speak and answer me!

Y. Rubberg. Yes—yes.

C. Ablden. Where is the money gone to, Madam?—

Mrs. Rubberg. Do I know?—

C. Ablden. I ask you, who knew, what passed in the house, who knew what happened out of the house,

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

S. Ahlden, the former; afterwards, the COUNSELLOR.

S. Ablden. The Doctor will be here immediately—How is it?

Louisa. O sadly !

Mrs. Rubberg. What do you ask ?—I know not any thing of it—By God I know it not ?—

C. Ablden (maliciously). Not ?—I wish to God I knew it not ! O thou open-hearted fool—have been so often deceived, and yet thou art taken in again !

Mrs. Rubberg. O God, I am distracted—I tremble in every limb—do help me to rise—

S. A. and Louisa (help her.)

S. Ablden. My God ! what has been the matter ?—relieve me from this anxiety.

C. Ablden (who has been in the mean time walking up and down, and drying his forehead with his handkerchief). To decoy one so into the net ! Only wait, I will soon spoil your pretty play ! also to the point—There has been a robbery in the house, for—

S. Ablden. What kind of a robbery ?

C. Ablden. For the chest is neither broke or damaged.

S. Ablden. What chest ?

C. Ablden. The public chest ; five thousand rix-dollars are wanting.

S. Ablden. Almighty God !

C. Ablden. Also, Madam, and you, young gentleman, tell me ; can the sum be replaced ?—then—then 'tis well—then I will not see, what I do see.

Mrs. Rubberg. O God, no !—yes—perhaps. Do not lead us to distraction.

Counsellor (looks out of the room). Silence; no noise, he is beginning to recover. (*Goes in again.*)

C. Ablden. Also—not replaced?—'tis well! (*Restraining himself with difficulty.*) It is a house-robbery; tell me, whom you suspect, before I openly enquire into it.

Mrs. Rubberg. Would you ruin us?

C. Ablden. For the last time, Madam—I ask truly for the last time—do you suspect any thing?—(*Firmer.*)—Do you know any thing?

Mrs. Rubberg. May God know not any thing of me, if I do!

C. Ablden. O wish that he may not know any thing of you—

Mrs. Rubberg. How can you—

C. Ablden. No, I can hold no longer—it devours my heart. To entangle me in this manner—to soften me that—May I be damn'd—if I do not punish you for it.

Mrs. Rubberg. O, my God!—Sir, I swear—

C. Ablden. There the good man lies! *He* shall be the sacrifice of liars, cheats, and thieves. No, by God he shall *not*. I will deliver his honour out of your claws—His corpse shall rest in peace.

S. Ablden. But, dear Father—I cannot recover myself.

C. Ablden. There, look—look at that devil! Upon that forehead appears what is disown'd by the vile Mother!

Mrs. Rubberg. Almighty God!

C. Ablden. You have it!—

Mrs. Rubberg. { Me?

C. Ablden. { You—you, you! I will scream
out till your wicked conscience awakes.

Louisa. { My poor Mother—

S. Ablden. { Father—

Y. Rubberg. It is me—

Mrs. Rubberg. { What?

Louisa. { Good God!

C. Ablden. { So?

S. Ablden. { I suspected it.

Y. Rubberg. Yes, it is me! Fate drove me to it—forced me against my will—the devil conducted me. Let justice do with me what it pleases—the curse of Father and Mother—me it is!

Louisa. Woe to us!

S. Ablden (to *Mrs. Rubberg*). My God! how are you?—do speak!

Mrs. Rubberg. Meanly my blood cannot act.
(To *C. Ablden*.) Let him be conducted where you please—he is no longer my Son—let him

become a public sacrifice to justice ; it will not cost me one tear.

C. Ablden. You cannot deceive me!—you was acquainted with the company he frequented—you knew his expences ; you knew also of this.

Mrs. Rubberg. I am above your mean attack!—you oppress me, miserable Mother—God preserve you from repentance.

C. Ablden. Laugh, Madam—lose not your courage!—You brought him up—you educated that proud heart—laugh on—

S. Ablden. Father, for God's sake moderation ; let us conceal this affair !

SCENE THE NINTH.

Mrs. WALTHER conducts the DOCTOR through the Room into the Closet ; the former.

C. Ablden. So—did you also know of it ? Have they corrupted you with love ? Would you have made me the sacrifice of their plot ?

S. Ablden. My God ! how came you by such an idea ?

Louisa. Dearest Father, do you then misconceive us totally ?

C. Ablden. Father-in-law, you mean, must forget oath and duty?—Well, you shall not over-reach me!—I break off the match.

S. Ablden. { Never more—would you—

Louisa. { O Heavens !

C. Ablden. I break off the match.

S. Ablden. { As sure as God lives, this en-
gagement remains firm !

Mrs. Rubberg. { My innocent Daughter !

C. Ablden. I will have no connection with proud thieves.

Mrs. Rubberg (*falls exhausted into a chair*).

Y. Rubberg. Sir, abuse me—torture me—murder me—I deserve it all ; but if you continue to insult my Mother, Sir, tremble !

Louisa. Brother, brother !

Y. Rubberg. I have nothing more to lose.

C. Ablden. Bravo, bravo ! appear as if you were honest—Bravo !

Y. Rubberg. Say to *me* what you please ; if you misuse my Mother, I regard not my crime—not your age—forget myself—the world—every thing !

S. Ablden. Madman !—

Louisa (*holds back her Brother*). Charles, conduct your Father away—

C. Ablden. I will go—you shall not swing—but——

Mrs. Rubberg (*springs up, and clasps him round*). For the sake of a merciful God!

C. Ablden. But I will spend my last farthing, that you may be taken care of in the house of correction, murderer! (*Tears himself loose, and goes off.*)

SCENE THE TENTH.

O. RUBBERG, conducted by the COUNSELLOR and the DOCTOR.

O. Rubberg (*is undressed—steps to the door, led by the Doctor*). O, my children!

The Curtain must already begin to fall.

<i>Y. Rubberg</i>	{ (<i>flings himself before his Father, whom the Mother clasps in her arms</i>). Father, do not curse me.
<i>S. Ablden.</i>	
<i>Louisa</i>	{ Remain a Father. (<i>Goes off.</i>) (<i>after him</i>). Charles, save us!

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE THE FIRST.

A Room at O. Mr. Rubberg's—In the back ground stands a trunk half packed—some clothes hang on the chairs—Mrs. Rubberg is going into her Husband's closet—Louisa comes out, and conducts her forward).

Louisa. Where would you go?

Mrs. Rubberg. To him, to him!—

Louisa. Spare him—he has hardly recovered himself.

Mrs. Rubberg. Cruel child, you tear me from him?

Louisa. For the sake of your ease—

Mrs. Rubberg. Easy—me easy? Yes, if I could suffer for him! Were there only means to atone for my faults! (*She tears herself away, and goes towards the door.*) It is lock'd—Alas! he has shut his heart against me.

Louisa. The Doctor has most likely lock'd it—we should let him rest awhile. Ah! my poor Father suffers also on your account—Not one reproach has he made you!

Mrs. Rubberg. No—O no! every look was love and kindness; I have deprived him of honour and life—and every look was love and kindness!

Louisa. Dear Mother, return again to your room.

Mrs. Rubberg. Shall I be easier *there*?—Will my conscience say less to me *there*?

Louisa. Ah! at least he does not hear you—at least does not hear your complaints!

Mrs. Rubberg. He must hear them—will—

Louisa. I beg of you—

Mrs. Rubberg. I have made him wretched, and silent suffering is his revenge. O! that he was severe—cruel—(*Sorrowfully.*)—Was he never severe towards me?—was he never so?—No, never, never! O! that he but mock'd at my repentance—laugh'd at my tears—that he but spurn'd me from him!—

Louisa. Dear Mother, your sorrow but encreases his misery—

Mrs. Rubberg. But I swore, to partake with him till death, every ill. This cherished, holy right, I cannot deny myself.—

Louisa. I do not yet despair of succour—the Baron is not yet returned—Old Ahlden may yet be softened.

Mrs. Rubberg. O, never, never! you see he does not return.

Louisa. Charles will not let his Father rest, till he delivers us—I know his heart.

Mrs. Rubberg. The Baron is not to be found—*(Goes about ringing her hands.)*—We are lost—we are lost! When it is known—a most shameful death for either Husband or Son.—It is at an end—all is over—this family is going to ruin!

Louisa. For the sake of our happiness—recollect yourself!

Mrs. Rubberg. Happiness?—Hopes? It is all over, my good child—Thy fortune has also vanished! Are you not my daughter?—the sister of the thief?—Ignominy is attached to the whole—You was a bride—you are so no longer—misfortune separates connections and love.

Louisa. Do not wrong his heart—He respects my claim, in your sorrows!

Mrs. Rubberg. Who regards the tears of an unfortunate Mother? Poor Girl, you stood on the pinnacle of happiness!—I destroyed your prospects!—Misery I leave you for an heritage!—In a distressed, despised, old age, you will curse your Mother!—

Louisa. Never, O never!—I renounce every thing, I will not forsake you—I will attend on your old age. Am I not your Daughter? Can, then, the tears of your Louisa *nothing* assuage? I

cannot divide with you any thing but my heart—
O, dear Mother!—do not despise it?—

Mrs. Rubberg. Do you say this to me?—you
whom I have neglected, art my support, when
every thing forsakes me?—(*Christian comes out of
the closet—she perceives it, and goes in quick.*)—
The Almighty render you a more happy mother
than I am.

SCENE THE SECOND.

CHRISTIAN, LOUISA.

Louisa. Is my Father awake?

Christian. Directly as you went out.—The
Doctor has already twice asked me, “What was
the matter in the house, why the Old Gentleman
was so alarm’d?”

Louisa. But you did not inform him?—

Christian. God forbid!—“News had arrived
from my Lady’s Brother in Berlin,” I said,
“about a sad misfortune:”—I said likewise so to
the servants in the house.

Louisa. If the Secretary was but here!—Send
there again, directly.

Christian. Pardon me, that creates a bustle.
After the old Commissary, there has been already
three messages; but he is not to be found.—If it

o

only was not so noisy here—My master has been several times much startled, when he heard my Lady's voice ; we have removed him into the corner room ; he will there at least not hear what is going forward.

Louisa. When my Brother returns, tell him, That my father can on no account speak to him now. (*Goes into the closet.*)

Christian. —I knew it—I saw plain enough how—(*Packing up the trunk.*)—that I should still live to see such things in this house !

SCENE THE THIRD.

CHRISTIAN—YOUNG RUBBERG.

(*In the waistcoat and small-clothes of the rich suit ; a great coat, or plain frock, over it ; booted—goes strait up to the closet—After walking violently up and down, on finding the door lock'd.*) *Christian !*

Christian. What are your commands ?

Y. Rubberg. Have you seen my Father ?

Christian. —Yes—

Y. Rubberg. How is he ?

Christian. Ah !—

Y. Rubberg. Does he still look so pale ?

Christian. Alas !—yes—

Y. Rubberg. Does he not appear to gain more strength ?

Christian. No, truly not !—

Y. Rubberg. What does the Doctor say ?

Christian. Ah, God! do not ask me—(He returns to the trunk.)

Y. Rubberg. What are you doing there?—What are you packing up?—why, those are my things!—For what is all this?

Christian. I don't know—my master ordered me to do it—that I should make haste.

Y. Rubberg. Do you not know why?

Christian. Not at all.

Y. Rubberg. Did my Father himself order you to do it?

Christian. Yes.

Y. Rubberg. Was he angry, when he told it you?

Christian. Not at all.—“Bring away all the arms into my room—lock up the house—and pack up my Son's things.”—When he had said this, he turn'd about—I had not perceiv'd any thing the matter with him—the Doctor sat in the corner, by the great glass cupboard—he walked quietly up and down the room, with folded hands—I was going—all at once I heard a sobbing—I—I turn'd round—Christian!—said he to me:—“Tell him, he shall not lay violent hands on himself—”

Y. Rubberg (throws himself into a chair.)

Christian. He then dried his eyes, and said, very kindly—“Go, my good Christian!”—It was a most distressing moment.—

Y. Rubberg (springs up.) I must speak to him—

Christian. O no, for God's sake!—

Y. Rubberg. What's the matter with you?

Christian. He has forbid it—he will not speak to you.

Y. Rubberg. I must speak to him—I cannot bear it any longer—I must—(*He is going.*)

SCENE THE FOURTH.

The former; BARON RITAU.

Baron. Ah! my friend—

Y. Rubberg (turns back.) Ha! at last, at last!
—Christian, leave us alone.

Christian (retires).

Baron. I am very sorry, the time must have appear'd to you very long.

Y. Rubberg. But now you are, at last, here
—Quick—How am I situated?

Baron. But—you are so agitated—

Y. Rubberg. Never mind that—

Baron. Your features do not appear to be the same!

Y. Rubberg. Well, how is it?—have you obtained an answer?

Baron. I have, but—

Y. Rubberg. You have? Here with it, here—

Baron (anxiously and kindly). But tell me—
How came it—

Y. Rubberg. The answer—the answer!

Baron. To be so quick with the marriage of
your sister?

Y. Rubberg. The answer!

Baron. I fear—

Y. Rubberg. The answer.—Sir, will you drive
me distracted?—Out with it.

Baron (much embarrassed). With what?—

Y. Rubberg. With the note—the answer!

Baron. It is partly verbal—

Y. Rubberg. Verbal!—so!—Well then?—

Baron. Now then—you must consider things
in their proper light. First, you know—the
Lady Kannenstein is delicate—very delicate—and
perhaps your Sister's marriage may have added
something to it, that—that—that—

Y. Rubberg. Go on—

Baron. Above all things—but I wish'd to ask
you—Whether you said at the Reichberg's that
you intended the rich silk you bespoke, as a pre-
sent for Lady Kannenstein?

Y. Rubberg. No, No!—Well—above all
things—

Baron. Above all things I must tell you, that
some of your creditors were there—

Y. Rubberg. Were there?—

Baron. Were *there*, and demanded payment. The Lady has, among other things, kept the rich silk, because the shopman let her know, that you had bespoke it for her—she has also paid this draft of fifty dollars to an old widow, because she conducted herself very insolent in the house. She has sent you this—(*He offers Rubberg the draft, who listens to him, quite stupified, without taking it.*)—Dearest friend, I feel for you—

Y. Rubberg. Go on!

Baron. This note, here—but—

Y. Rubberg. Give it here—(*He opens it.*)—
“Monfieur, Baron Ritau has given me”—
(*Faintly and anxiously.*) O read it, read it farther—

Baron. “Monfieur, Baron Ritau has given
“me your note—with regard to your propofals—
“it is inconceivable to me how you poffibly could
“think of it. I did not know, I had done any
“thing that could have led you to thefe expecta-
“tions.”—

Y. Rubberg. Did ſhe not know?—ſhe did not know!—that is not true, Sir, that is not there!—

Baron. Unfortunately it is here.

Y. Rubberg. No, no—it is not true—(*Looks at it, and almoſt reels about the room.*) and if all—every—God, God! this is too much:—go on, go on!—

Baron. "An innocent unmeaning gallantry
"does not justify you in the hopes of an improper
"marriage. Your disasters at play are every day
"more known, and give occasion for strange opi-
"nions.—My honour requires me to entreat, that
"you will not again visit my house."

Y. Rubberg (*flings himself into a chair*).

Baron. "I advise you to abandon gaming,
"for you have no conduct. For the rest, I wish
"your circumstances may take the best turn.—To
"Baron Ritau, you will be so good as to deliver
"my letters and picture."

Y. Rubberg.—Is that all?

Baron (*with compassion*).—Yes—

Y. Rubberg. Now really—Is it not a joke of
yours?

Baron. What?

Y. Rubberg. Hm—that—every thing you
have said.—

Baron. Unfortunately---it is earnest.

Y. Rubberg. Now—have you not got another
of hers still?

Baron. Really not, I---

Y. Rubberg. Give it here---

Baron. Would to God, I had—

Y. Rubberg. Quick!—Now!—O, for God's
sake, give it me!—

Baron. Yes, I have...

Y. Rubberg. You have—Ah! see now—(*Embracing him.*)—See now, that my heart told me true.

Baron. Let me finish speaking.

Y. Rubberg. Not now, no—only here with it!

Baron. You certainly deceive yourself—only hear me:---As I was speaking to her about your situation, she appeared---who knows---perhaps she was affected.

Y. Rubberg. O, she *was*---she *certainly* was!

Baron. She went to her chatouille, and gave me this---

Y. Rubberg (*joyfully.*) Well, farther---

Baron. It is for you---

Y. Rubberg (*without guessing.*) For what?

Baron. For some relief in your situation--- She was very sorry---but, at present, she could not do any thing more.

Y. Rubberg (*as one thunder-struck.*) What?

Baron. Send it back again---

Y. Rubberg (*who takes the paper, and looks at it*), Twenty Louis d'ors? Me?---Me, twenty Louis d'ors?

Baron. Dearest friend!

Y. Rubberg. For a ruined family---twenty Louis d'ors?

Baron. Send it back again.

Y. Rubberg. For a murdered Father, twenty Louis d'ors?

Baron. For God's sake, spare yourself.

Y. Rubberg. For a lost Salvation—Twenty Louis d'ors! Well, I will go there! (*He searches for his bat.*)

Baron. What?

Y. Rubberg. I will give a receipt for this sum!

Baron. But you would not—

Y. Rubberg (*has found his bat*). Come along—we will make up our accounts!

Baron (*encircles him*). Stay, I beg of you, for God's sake!

Y. Rubberg. A wanton—curfed wanton, so to play with my expectations. Devil—Devil—to allure me so—to allure me, even to the gates of hell!—Vengeance!—Vengeance!

SCENE THE FTIFH.

The former ; Mrs. RUHBERG.

Mrs. Rubberg. What is the matter here?—Ah, Baron!

Baron. Madam, I here deliver your Son over to you.

Mrs. Rubberg. { What has then been the mat—

Y. Rubberg. { Let me go!

Baron. He must not go out, at present—I conjure you to detain him. (*Retires.*)

SCENE THE SIXTH.

Mrs. RUHBERG—YOUNG RUHBERG.

Y. Rubberg. Let me go, I thirst after vengeance! I will be reveng'd to the terror of every female devil, who plays with a man's happiness!

Mrs. Rubberg. Deceiv'd by her?

Y. Rubberg. Shamefully—dreadfully!

SCENE THE SEVENTH.

LOUISA, *the former.*

Louisa (coming out of the closet). Edward, your voice has frighten'd your Father—he trembles in every limb.—

Y. Rubberg. O, my Father!—

Louisa. Go to your room.

Y. Rubberg. Can I?—can I?—

Louisa. He will speak to you—he will have you call'd—Collect yourself—be not so violent, I beg of you, for God's sake. (*She conducts him out.*)

Y. Rubberg (as he is conducted out). Deny'd protestations—feigned love—Villain! Patricide! (*He goes.*) Scorn—despair—and no revenge!—(*Retires with Louisa.*)

Mrs. Rubberg (during this scene, one perceives on her stupid despair, meditating a deep design). The last stroke—and all is ended!

SCENE THE EIGHTH.

An ATTORNEY—Mrs. RUBBERG.

Mrs. Rubberg. Sir—

Attorney (confused). Madam—

Mrs. Rubberg. Your visit—

Attorney. Is concerning an—affair that—

Mrs. Rubberg. An affair?

Attorney (looking round). O Madam!

Mrs. Rubberg. Well!

Attorney.—The Cashier—I should be glad to speak a few words with the Cashier.

Mrs. Rubberg. Pardon me—not out of curiosity, but my Husband has not, lately, been quite well; therefore, if you had any thing unpleasant to inform him of—perhaps, in the duties of his place, something that—

Attorney. Is the Cashier at home?

Mrs. Rubberg. Yes—the Doctor is with him—If you have any thing to tell him, which might distress him, confide it to me.

Attorney. I should not—but—

Mrs. Rubberg. Well Sir—

Attorney. Madam, I dare no longer conceal from you the reason of my being here. God is my judge, I wished to spare you—but—you must, by my manner, perceive—that something extraordinary conducts me here.

Mrs. Rubberg (sits down exhausted). Ah! God!—

Attorney. Is it possible?—is it then true?

Mrs. Rubberg (collecting herself). What?

Attorney. Do not longer conceal it, I beg of you—I *must* be short.

Mrs. Rubberg. —You are—it is—Ah! Sir—

Attorney. I *must* be quick, pardon me, my duty. His Excellency had already this morning heard, as if—in your house—as if an accident had befallen the cash. In consequence of the strictly renew'd decree of Government, on the smallest suspicion, a search *must* immediately be made without delay. The old Commissioner is not to be found; therefore I am impowered (*he produces a paper*) to receive the cash.

Mrs. Rubberg. Sir—

Attorney. Is it then really the case?

Mrs. Rubberg (firmly, after a pause). Yes, Sir.

Attorney. Is it so?—'tis shocking—such a family—such a man!—and that it *must* fall to my lot! Believe me, Madam, I feel for your situation, and would—but—pardon me—pity me—you know our severe laws—I *must* act; without delay conduct me to your Husband.

Mrs. Rubberg (*who listens to him in silent despair*). O no, Sir, it is unnecessary—

Attorney. I am as much convinced of the honesty of your worthy Husband as you are; but his own interest requires a speedy examination. Conduct me to him.

Mrs. Rubberg. Give me leave—

Attorney. Madam, I dare not suffer myself to be longer detain'd.

Mrs. Rubberg. I have something to say to you, which concerns the affair.

Attorney. Well then—

Mrs. Rubberg. The loss is five thousand dollars—The remainder is lock'd up.—The Doctor is with my Husband—he was terrified—his life was in danger—he is weak, very weak—Spare him the shock of your presence—

Attorney. I would with all my heart, but—

Mrs. Rubberg. Listen further. The perpetrator is already known, and I will name him.

Attorney. So. Quick!—

Mrs. Rubberg. First answer me one question.

Attorney. I await it—

Mrs. Rubberg. Do you consider me a woman of honour?

Attorney. Madam—

Mrs. Rubberg. Yes, or no?

Attorney. Yes—my God, yes!

Mrs. Rubberg. Imagine, for example, that the pressure of circumstances and emergencies, could change the mildest being into an enrag'd devil?

Attorney. Yes—but—I cannot conceive—

Mrs. Rubberg. When, therefore, such a person, whose manners you once esteem'd—turns murderer all at once—would you hate or pity him?

Attorney. I know not, Madam, how—

Mrs. Rubberg. Would you pity or hate him?

Attorney. I would pity him, but—

Mrs. Rubberg. Yes—would you? pity him?—would you do that?—I embezzled these five thousand dollars from my husband. (*Pause.*)

Attorney. Madam—

Mrs. Rubberg. You are amaz'd?

Attorney.—Madam—

Mrs. Rubberg. Let us not linger here any longer—Come then where I belong!

Attorney. Madam, do you know what you have said?

Mrs. Rubberg. I know—come then—

Attorney. My God! how came you—repeat it to me—is it true?

Mrs. Rubberg. Torture me no longer—Come along—

Attorney. For God's sake—You cannot recall this step.

Mrs. Rubberg. I know it.

Attorney. Your life is in danger—

Mrs. Rubberg. I also know that—come—I will go with you. I will follow you quietly—you require no guard—we will take a hackney coach—and you deliver me up to justice.

Attorney. Cannot the sum be replaced?

Mrs. Rubberg. No.

Attorney. But, would you not first speak to your Husband?

Mrs. Rubberg. No—only from the prison will I write to him.

Attorney. What—you will not first speak to him? your children—

Mrs. Rubberg. No, no—I must hasten, that I do not see them—Come, you know that you cannot save me—I will facilitate your duty—Come along.

Attorney. You must declare this before a lawyer, and sign it—he is here—before that I will not stir a step in the affair.

Mrs. Rubberg. Is that positively necessary?

Attorney. Positively—

Mrs. Rubberg. Well then, we will prepare that in my room—and then go.

Attorney. Unfortunate Lady!

Mrs. Rubberg. Come along—

SCENE THE NINTH.

S. ABLDEN, the former.

S. Ablden (hastily.) Is not my Father here?

Mrs. Rubberg. No.

S. Ablden (aside.) Nor yet been here?—

Mrs. Rubberg. No.

S. Ablden. I am distracted!—All means to save us, have fail'd—

Mrs. Rubberg. Tell my Son, to fly—quick, this moment—Comfort my Husband.—Come Sir, (*More softly to the Attorney,*) let us give peace to the good people. (*Retires.*)

S. Ablden. I should comfort thee, and have no other comfort myself than despair.

SCENE THE TENTH.

S. AHLDEN, LOUISA, *afterwards* CHRISTIAN.

Louisa. Are you there? Do you bring us succour?

S. Ahlden. Ah!—

Louisa. No succour? then it is all over with us, we are lost!

S. Ahlden. How is your Father?

Louisa. Suffers, and is near death. My Mother is in distraction—Edward, I dare not leave a moment. (*They ring in O. Rubberg's room.*) My Father calls—wait for me here.

S. Ahlden. No prospect—not any—unnatural Father, you compleat their ruin.

Christian. Your Father has sent, that you should go directly home, and wait for him—

S. Ahlden. Wait for him, and each minute is inestimable—how can I?—there—yes, yes, I will come directly. (*Christian goes out.*)

Louisa (*comes frightened out of the closet*). O God!

S. Ahlden. What is the matter?

Louisa. He will speak with him—

S. Ahlden. With whom?

Louisa. My Brother.

S. Ahlden. Has he not yet spoke with him?

Louisa. No, the Doctor has forbid it. Ah! I tremble at this meeting—it will be the death of my Father—He shudders when he only hears his

name mentioned. I will call him—I dare not remain far off.—My Father is afraid of my Mother's lamentations—Go to her, and speak comfort to her.

S. Ablden. I must go home, and wait for my Father—I dare not stay here. Keep up your courage, I will do all that love and despair prompt me to. (*Goes out.*)

Louisa. The blessing of love attend you! (*Retires.*)

SCENE THE ELEVENTH.

CHRISTIAN *alone.*

Some one should have inform'd me of this beforehand, before I came into the house, that it would have such an end. (*Locks up the trunk.*) Who knows, where you may yet go to? Whoever unpacks you, means it, in reality, not so sincerely with my unhappy Master, as I do.

SCENE THE TWELFTH.

THE DOCTOR, *the former.*

Doctor (*comes out of the closet*). Christian, let that receipt be made up. I shall remain below, and if his Master should get worse, call me.

SCENE THE THIRTEENTH.

The former; Y. RUBBERG.

Y. Rubberg. How is my Father, Doctor?
Doctor. He is weak—very weak.

Y. Rubberg. Do you think the shock will have fatal consequences?

Doctor. At first I was very uneasy at the continued cramps—they have, however, subsided; and if no violent agitation follows, (*Old Rubberg-rings, Christian goes in,*) I should think we have not any thing to fear. But—I cannot conceive, why your Father takes so dangerous a share in the misfortunes of a Brother-in-law?

Christian (to Y. Rubberg). Your Father will be here directly.

Doctor. He has something to say to you—I will, in the mean time, remain below. (*Goes off.*)

Y. Rubberg (walks about distractedly).

Christian (takes out the key of the trunk). There, Sir.

Y. Rubberg. For what is this?—

Christian. Your Father order'd it so. (*Retires.*)

Y. Rubberg. He will come—In *this* life, have I not such another moment to await.—He comes—The Almighty support me!

SCENE THE FOURTEENTH.

O. RUBBERG (advances very slowly).

Y. Rubberg. (looks on the ground, and then falls at his feet). Mercy—forgiveness!

O. Rubberg. Stand up—look at me!

Y. Rubberg (*turns aside*).

O. Rubberg. Look in my face!

Y. Rubberg (*lifts up his head fearfully, and lets it sink again*).

O. Rubberg. You cannot look at me—See! so, from this time, will the countenance of every honest man dazzle you.

Y. Rubberg. O God!

O. Rubberg. Barbarously hast thou dealt with me—All the joys of this world have not the power of giving me back that vital strength, of which thou hast this day bereft me.

Y. Rubberg. Woe be to me!

O. Rubberg. For my anxiety by thy sick bed—for weeping nights—for every denial—for early grey hairs—for all a Father's cares—thou could'st this day have repaid me; I should then have stood here before thee, and rejoiced over my happy old age—my dutiful Son.—Now I stand here before thee, injur'd by thy dissoluteness, and lamenting over an indigent, disgraceful, old age!

Y. Rubberg. True—shockingly true! Spurn the monster, who has repaid all your love with ingratitude and vice—Curse me!

O. Rubberg. Dost thou think that of me—unhappy being?—No, I do not curse thee!—

truly thou art more unhappy than I am—I suffer now, and suffer greatly—but that will soon be at an end. A hillock of cold earth over me, and my misery is over—my remembrance is extinguished.

Y. Rubberg (*a cry of agony*).

O. Rubberg. But thou wilt live—thou shalt live—and thy powers are weakened—thou art at variance with thyself—mankind thou wilt hate, and they will avoid thee—thou wilt for ever be searching after peace, and thou wilt never find it.—In distant countries, far remov'd from thy Father's grave, on barren ground will fall the tear of despair—no one will regard it.—Agoniz'd at the past—tortur'd by the present—a cold strange hand, will close thy eyes—Truly thou art an unfortunate being!

Y. Rubberg. O! my Father—my Father!

O. Rubberg. Call me not so—unhappy one!—a few hours ago, and not for a kingdom would I have relinquish'd being able to say—“I am Father to this Son”—But thou hast taken from me this name.—Go out into the world, and be fortunate!—We speak to each other for the last time.

Y. Rubberg. For the last time?

O. Rubberg.—For the last time!—I shall embrace thee, shall bless thee—thou departest—and my Son is dead!

Y. Rubberg. I shall not see you again?

O. Rubberg.—Never again, in this world.

Y. Rubberg. I shall expose you to the shame—
drag on a miserable life, like a cowardly Villain.

O. Rubberg. If thou holdest my last will sacred!

Y. Rubberg. You in fetters—my innocent Father in fetters! in fetters of ignominy, which his Son—

O. Rubberg. I will have it so! it is the condition of my forgiveness.—Thy clothes are packed up.—Take post—in twelve hours thou wilt be over the frontiers. Here, take this money—it is my last—and now go—never return hither again—Be under no apprehension on my account—the King is gracious—was always so to me—he will spare me.

Y. Rubberg. I cannot—I cannot—

O. Rubberg. All the happiness destined for me—may heaven bestow it on thee. When thou now goest from me—we see each other no more—they are the last words of thy Father—honour them!

Y. Rubberg. They are to me, sacred!

O. Rubberg. Thou leavest me in despair—a miserable life perhaps awaits thee—Lay not thy hand on thyself.—Promise me that—(*Y. Rubberg turns away.*)—promise me—thou unfortunate!

Y. Rubberg. I promise.

O. Rubberg. And so, may God, in thy last hour, forsake thee—if thou dost not keep what thou hast promised. I forgive thee—I bless thee. I press thee to my heart with agony. I pray God, that he will be thy Father, when I am no more—that he—that—(*He faints.*)

Y. Rubberg. Father, my Father!—Help—for God's sake, help!—

SCENE THE FIFTEENTH.

The former; LOUISA.

Louisa. My Father—O God, my Father!—
(*They set him in a chair.*)

Y. Rubberg. He is, dead!—woe to me!—
Saint---with blessings on thy murderer, art thou
departed out of the world!---

Louisa. He stirs---he lives! God be praised,
he lives!

Y. Rubberg. O God!---thou didst not grant
him returning life—to let him die shamefully!

SCENE THE SIXTEENTH.

*The former; Mrs. RUHBERG, S. AHLDEN,
C. AHLDEN.*

C. Ahlden. The boy about his neck---away
from him!

Mrs. Rubberg. } Poor unfortunate Martyr.

Louisa. } He lives, dear Mother.

C. Ablden. Away with the boy. (*he throws him off.*)

S. Ablden. Father—my dear father!

T. Rubberg. Save my Father!—I entreat your mercy, for vengeance on myself.

C. Ablden (severe). That I will take—for that I am come.

Mrs. Rubberg. For that you brought me back—for that you alter'd my purpose—I shall witness how you oppress us, mock at our distress.

C. Ablden. You are not without help. Only search among your grand friends.

S. Ablden. } Father!

Louisa. } Spare us!

C. Ablden. You have sacrificed to them, Fortune, Honour, a Parent's Joys, Happiness, and Heaven—five thousand dollars can save you now from perdition.—It is a sum that, perhaps, even now lies on their gaming tables. Go, try now for their assistance!

Mrs. Rubberg. } Monster!

T. Rubberg. } O Sir!

S. Ablden. } Father!

Louisa. } O God!

Y. Rubberg. Only go on.—Sir, your cruelty is my comfort. I, the murderer of a dear father, should depart unpunish'd! Do not suffer it, thou just man!—Denounce me; or have you already done your duty?

C. Ablden. Yes sir, that I have.

Louisa. O God!

Mrs. Rubberg. Unfortunate Mother!

O. Rubberg. Sir, I require my child of you.

C. Ablden. And I, Sir, require of you, reckoning for a soul, whose formation God entrusted you with—there he stands, the sacrifice of maxims, and women's education. Now he is to depart in freedom—to accomplish himself for a villain—and end it all as a suicide! Misery, shame, and despair, are the consequences of your education.—And thou—wretch! dost thou know how far thou hast brought her? Thy Mother was going to declare herself the perpetrator—I kept her back.

O. Rubberg. { My Wife!

Y. Rubberg. { O monster that I am!—my Mother!

C. Ablden. On all sides misery, and no where succour!

Mrs. Rubberg. { Save yourselves—save yourself, unfortunate man!

Louisa. { Fly, my Father!

S. Ablden (*walks violently up and down in the back ground*).

C. Ablden. It is too late; my preparations have made flight useless.

S. Ablden. Father—I conjure you by the memory of my Mother!

Y. Rubberg. { Mercy for my Father!

Louisa. { Mercy, for God's sake!

C. Ablden. The doors of your fashionable friends are shut—they are disgusted at your distress. (*His severity rises.*) Me, you would not know, perhaps despised—made game of my old-fashioned manners—My Son you would not have for your Daughter—now, I will not have your daughter for my son—(*all express loudly their contempt.*)—My Son shall marry a rich girl—a girl—(*he throws down a money-bag, and embraces Louisa*)—who, at any rate, can redeem an unfortunate Father. (*All surprised, ejaculate single inarticulate tones, but no one speaks.*) Yes, I could have wish'd to die free from debts—it was not to be—Well, this debt, the Almighty will repay me with usury!

Y. Rubberg. Angel of Salvation!

Mrs. Rubberg. I cannot thank you—I am distracted.

C. Ablden. Come, my son, this reward I am indebted to you—for your sake I have borrow'd from Jews and Christians—You were ever a good Son, a dutiful Son, an industrious citizen—God will grant you prosperous days, will bless you, and I bless you also.

O. *Rubberg*. Man! you save me from utter ruin.

C. *Ablden*. The cure was rather hard—but, it was also a bad complaint.—Young man, for you I will take care—away you must, that is understood—but I will manage that for you.—Apropos—I hear the Lady Kannenstein has sent you a remembrance—give that to me—I speak earnestly—give that to me. (*Y. Rubberg gives him the twenty Louis d'ors.*) So, this I will personally make a proper and thankful restitution of to the Lady Jezebel, and a couple of words into the bargain! Now, do not hang your heads—or I shall march off.

Y. *Rubberg*. O Sir, thanks are too poor from such an unfortunate as I am—but God is my witness—

C. *Ablden*. My life against his, if some day he does not turn out an honest fellow!—Now, I beg of you, receive him again among you.—Respect a noble freedom—keep with your equals—be honest, good, and chearful—and, when I am already long moulder'd in the grave, tell your children to do the same—and drink a glass of German wine, to the remembrance of the old Commissary.

N. B. *This Play is printed page by page, to correspond with the Original Text, viz. the Manheim Edition; and can be highly recommended as a useful exercise in either language.*

THE END.

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